

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

The CANADIAN FORUM

35th Year of Issue

Toronto, Ontario, November, 1955

Fifty Cents

Vyatcheslav M. Molotov and the Big Smile

► THE CASE OF MR. V. M. MOLOTOV is not only the case of a diplomat rumoured for retirement; his career has long been the symbol of a certain facet of Soviet foreign policy and his recent confession to an "ideological error" after nearly fifty years' service to the Communist Party is, in all probability, connected with the recent trend in Soviet foreign relations.

On October 9, the chief theoretical organ of the Soviet Communist Party, *The Kommunist*, printed Molotov's letter to the Editor "confessing" to a mistaken formulation in his report to the Supreme Soviet on Feb. 8 this year, when he said that "the foundations" of Socialist society had been built in Russia. This formulation, wrote Molotov, was incorrect, since it might lead to the erroneous conclusion that a "Socialist society" had not yet been created in the Soviet Union. In fact, the Soviet Union was now in the stage of gradual transition from Socialism to Communism. This humble letter from a man who had been on the editorial board of *Pravda* before and during the 1917 revolution and has served for twelve years as Foreign Minister for the USSR (1939-49 and 1953-55) does not seem so strange, however, when we remember that in his report of Feb. 8th, he had stressed defiance toward the Western Powers and faith in the strength of the Communist bloc. It was also at this session that Malenkov read his surprising letter of resignation and the arms budget was increased while all priority was returned once again to heavy industry. It seems much more likely, therefore, that Molotov has been forced to recant not for ideological but for foreign policy reasons.

When Vyatcheslav M. Molotov became Foreign Commissar in 1939, he replaced Litvinov, who had represented the Soviet Union during its "collective security" phase of foreign policy, between 1934 and 1939. It is interesting to note that Molotov confesses to ideological errors in what seems to be another "collective security" period for the USSR. He has, indeed, been long connected with the hard and uncompromising phase of Soviet post-war diplomacy and his smile during the past few months has borne more resemblance to lockjaw than to sincerity. Rumors have been current for some time that he would resign. As early as May this year he was heard to remark that it was time for "younger blood" in the Kremlin. On October 22, in contrast to his earlier denials, he stated that he would announce at Geneva whether or not he planned to resign from his post.

Whether unwillingly or not, Molotov has for the last few months, been a symbol of the new Soviet policy which professes to aim at the relaxation of international tensions. The Soviet government claims merit in the avoidance of war on the Formosan question early this year. On May 10, it proposed a disarmament plan (a repetition of the 1954 version), and though in reaction to the Paris agreements it accomplished the Warsaw Treaty, it then launched quite an amazing and lightning campaign in the field of international relations. Yugoslavia was wooed again; Mr. Nehru was enthusiastically welcomed in Moscow and on June 8 a note was sent to Bonn inviting Dr. Adenauer for talks. Finally, as a climax, the Geneva "summit" conference was held in good spirits though with no other results, between July 18 and 23. Both sides, however, took diametrically opposite stands on the two burning questions of German reunification and disarmament. The Western Powers wanted the reunification of Germany to take place by way of free elections; the Soviet Union insisted that this was a question for Germans to decide on — meaning thereby the East and West German republics. Another Soviet condition was the neutrality of Germany thus implying its withdrawal from NATO. On the question of disarmament, the Western Powers would not agree to the abolition of NATO, while Soviet propositions

(Continued on page 175)

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

vyatcheslav M. Molotov and the Big Smile— <i>Anna M. Cienciala</i>	169
CURRENT COMMENT	170
CANADIAN CALENDAR	171
THE LIBERAL PARTY— <i>Paul Fox</i>	172
WINNIPEG SKETCHES— <i>James Reaney</i>	175
MAURICE (Short Story)— <i>Ivan DeFaveri</i>	176
LAND OF THE PHARAOHS— <i>Winifred Needler</i>	178
BALLET REVIEW— <i>Wendy Michener</i>	179
REPRODUCTIONS	180, 185
FILM REVIEW— <i>Joan Fox</i>	181
NFB— <i>Gerald Pratley</i>	181
CORRESPONDENCE	182
POETRY	184, 185, 186
TURNING NEW LEAVES— <i>Anthony Scott</i>	186
BOOKS REVIEWED	187

Current Comment

The State of Democratic Politics

► FRANK R. SCOTT'S LETTER, in the last issue of *The Canadian Forum*, in which he criticizes the magazine for no longer being a vigorous exponent of Canadian socialism, raises an important issue which I think Professor Scott, and the *Forum's* editors, both ignore: the current content of democratic party controversy. Recently, I attended a conference on "The Future of Freedom," called by the Congress for Cultural Freedom in Milan, Italy. The conference was attended by 150 intellectuals and politicians from almost every major and many minor countries (except it may be noted parenthetically, Canada). The sponsoring group, the Congress for Cultural Freedom, is an international organization of pro-democratic, which means vigorously anti-Communist, intellectuals, and has affiliates around the world. It unites in one political organization socialists and right-wing conservatives. For examples, among the delegates from Great Britain were Hugh Gaitskell and Richard Crossman, socialists, and Michael Polanyi and Colin Clark, conservatives. From the U.S. came Sidney Hook, the vice-chairman of the Union for Democratic Socialism, as well as Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and Friedrich von Hayek. The French representatives included Andre Philip, a Socialist Party leader, Raymond Aron, once an active supporter of the Gaullist movement, and Bertrand de Jouvenal. Similar divergencies in political outlook occurred among the delegates from Germany, Italy, and other European, Asiatic, South American, and African nations.

One would have thought that a conference in which so many important political and intellectual leaders of socialism, liberalism and conservatism were represented would have resulted in intense political debate. In fact, nothing of the sort occurred. The only occasions in which debate grew warm were when the conference could make someone serve as a "surrogate Communist." Although there were no Communists or even near fellow-travelers present, occasionally one of the papers presented said something, the import of which could be defined as being too favorable to Russia, and then everyone attacked the statement.

On the last day of the week-long conference, however, an interesting event occurred. Hayek in a closing speech attacked the delegates for preparing to bury freedom instead of saving it. He, alone among the delegates, was disturbed by the general temper. What bothered Professor Hayek was the general agreement among the delegates, regardless of political belief, that the traditional issues separating the left and right had declined to comparative insignificance. In effect, all agreed that the increase in state control which had occurred in various countries would not result in a decline in democratic freedom. On the other hand, the socialists no longer advocated socialism; they were as concerned as the conservatives with the dangers of an all-powerful state. The issues dividing left and right had been reduced to a little more or a little less government ownership and economic planning. No one seemed to believe that it really made much difference which political party controlled the destinies of individual nations in terms of domestic policies. Hayek who honestly believes that state intervention is bad and inherently totalitarian, found himself in a small minority among those who still take the cleavages within the democratic camp seriously.

As an earnest of the new temper on the left, I might mention that some of the British Laborites present were shocked at the statements made in private by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. about Eisenhower and the Republicans. They thought that Professor Schlesinger was a Bevanite temperamentally; or had no understanding of contemporary politics, because he kept insisting that the Republicans were acting as a big business party and were harming American institutions. The British socialists considered these statements as silly as Bevan's strictures against the Tories.

To return now to Professor Scott's letter which provoked this article, I think that he and other C.C.F. leaders refuse to recognize that they are in the sorry position of being leaders of a minor socialist party which failed to achieve major party status before the traditional basis of the emotional cleavage between the left and right ended. In order to justify their objective of building a new major party, they must argue that it will make an important difference to Canada if a strong socialist party exists. The leaders of strong socialist parties in other countries, however, no longer believe that the differences between the left and right are profound. This does not mean, of course, that there is no room for party controversy. But as a leader of the Swedish Liberal Party once told me, "Politics are now boring. The only issues are whether the metal workers should get a nickel more an hour, or whether the price of milk should be raised." Leaders of the British Labor Party, with whom I spoke, based their hope of a return to office on "the swing of the pendulum," not on any assumption that Tory policies would result in a major crisis, or on their ability to find new leftist issues which would appeal to the British public.



THE NEXT STEP IN CIVILIZATION

By F. Creedy. This story shows what society would be today, if we lived as Christ taught. An important book for every anthropologist and sociologist. \$3.50

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS

By the Rt. Hon. R. G. Casey, foreign minister of Australia. This hard-hitting book discusses problems facing nations with Pacific coastlines. \$3.50.

THE RYERSON PRESS

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXXV, No. 418

P. J. Giffen } - Managing Editors
S. Stykolt }
Milton Wilson } - Literary Editor
Alan Creighton } - Corresponding Editor
L. A. Morris } - Business Manager

Editorial Board: A. F. B. Clark, Edith Fowke, Helen Frye, Northrop Frye, C. A. Grassick, Felix Lazarus, Kay Morris, Dennis H. Wrong.

Published each month by

CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED

36 Yonge Street, Toronto 1, Ontario, Canada

Telephone: EM. 3-0145

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request.

Personally, I find this change in the political atmosphere disquieting. As a political individual, I would prefer hectic controversy. As a believer in a more complete democracy, I would like to believe that there still is a social base for a renewed attack on inequality.

As a political realist, however, I doubt very much that an era in which Keynesian economics are almost universally accepted, in which various institutional safeguards have been created to prevent unemployment, and in which the conservatives find depressions politically impossible, will witness strong controversy between the left and right. Full employment plus strong unions means that the standard of living of the masses continues to rise in almost every industrialized country and the relative difference in style of life between the upper and lower classes constantly declines.

I wish Professor Scott and the CCF leadership luck in their endeavours. I think, however, they should be tolerant of the growing apoliticalization of intellectuals in Canada and other countries. They are unable to invent a political passion which they do not feel. The changes in the political tone of the *Canadian Forum* are just another symptom of the decline of political controversy within the democracies. If I were a Canadian socialist, I would be happy that the only general intellectual magazine in Canada still devoted considerable space to political affairs, and that its editors in general favored a "nickel more an hour." SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET

Merger of Convenience

Overshadowing everything else accomplished at the recent Canadian Congress of Labour convention was the approval of the agreement for merger with the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada. Following as it did a similar approval by the TLC last spring, the CCL's action brings to an end the long-standing split in the fabric of Canadian labor.

From here attention shifts to the future. The big question, now that the hand-shaking is over and the shouting has died down, is whether the new Canadian Labour Congress can knit together the diverse strands sufficiently at least to present the united front which labor expects from the merger.

The challenge which this presents to Canadian labor is tremendous. The new merger is founded on the idea that labor in Canada is a cohesive group, whose interests and views are sufficiently similar to permit their being voiced through a united front. Yet the history of organized labor in Canada is one of division, rooted throughout the early years of this century in the issues of nationalism and conflicting jurisdictions, and more recently in the issue of the skilled versus the unskilled.

Indeed, the breach has taken on new dimensions in recent years. The divergence between the TLC and CCL on the question of political affiliation, and the difference in the enthusiasm displayed over guaranteed annual wages and other objectives of collective bargaining give further indication of differences in the methods and objectives of the two groups.

The greatest challenge to the success of the merger, therefore, will come from within rather than from without. It will be no easy task to put in the background the rivalries and bitterness of the past. And even if this is accomplished successfully in due time, there is still the question of whether the economic interests of skilled and unskilled workers are sufficiently alike to permit of a single expression—a question on which the verdict of history so far has been "no".

The success of the merger will depend first and foremost on the quality of the leadership it produces, both in the Congress itself and in its affiliates. Success is assured to the extent that the leadership of the future can rise above the factionalism and opportunism which have plagued large

segments of the movement in the past. Leadership, moreover, must expect to encounter some realistic limitations on the ability of a single organization to speak for Canadian labor as a whole.

In writing finis to the era of separatism in organized labor, the CCL convention had the sympathy and good wishes of the Canadian public in general. Labor would do well to keep this in mind throughout the more difficult job of integration which is to follow. WILLIAM G. PHILLIPS.

Canadian Calendar

- Manitoba's consumption of hard liquor has increased 52 per cent since 1947 compared to 32 per cent in Ontario.

- The Brampton Conservator was named top weekly newspaper in Canada, with a circulation of 3,000 or over at the annual meeting of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association in Vancouver on Sept. 13.

- Dr. Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal Neurological Institute, was invited to deliver a series of lectures before the Soviet Academy of Science in Moscow in September.

- John Vopni, publisher of the *Davidson* (Sask.) *Leader*, was elected president of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association in Vancouver on Sept. 14.

- Sometime in October the Ontario Liquor Control Board will list 4 or 5 brands of domestic vodka at \$3.75 a bottle. The decision to permit sale of domestic vodka was based on the increasing demand for the Russian type of liquor. Other Canadian provinces permit manufacture of vodka but only for export.

- Canadian mills produced 539,539 tons of newsprint during August, an increase of 10 per cent over July and 7.2 per cent more than in August last year.

- The supply of university graduates entering the Canadian labor force over the next three or four years will probably remain inadequate for almost all professions, according to the National Employment Service.

- British Columbia's building-trade workers are enjoying the fullest employment and biggest boom since the Second World War.

- The National Employment Service reports that factors ranging from the weather to tourists had combined to produce the brightest job picture in two years in the Maritime Provinces.

- The annual meeting of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce took place in Winnipeg in September. About 700 delegates from all parts of Canada attended.

- Vice-Admiral E. Rollo Maingay, chief of Canada's naval staff, will retire next January and will be succeeded by Rear-Admiral Harry G. DeWolf, now chairman of the Canadian joint staff at Washington.

- A gift of \$1,000,000 has been made to the cause of education and charity in Vancouver by a Czech couple, Leon and Thea Koerner, who made Vancouver their home 16 years ago. Mr. Koerner, who had been timber-controller in Czechoslovakia, became prominent in the timber industry in B.C.

- The B.C. Cement Co. Ltd. is embarked on a \$4,000,000 expansion program. Two other large international firms—one British, one American—have announced plans to open plants in the near future.

- Allocations of Canadian representatives to serve United Nations committees were announced on Sept. 22.
- Francis Lacorte has been appointed French Ambassador to Canada.
- La Comédie Française opened its Canadian tour with a two-week stand in Montreal on Sept. 24, playing Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."
- 58,000 homes were started building in the first six months of 1955, well ahead of the corresponding period of 1954, itself a record.
- Former Premier John B. McNair of New Brunswick was appointed chief justice of the N.B. Appeal Court on Sept. 28.
- The Bureau of Statistics in its second seasonal forecast, estimated Canada's 1955 wheat crop at 498,342,000 bushels.
- Canadian and American cabinet members met in Ottawa on Sept. 26 to discuss the question of legitimate and illegitimate methods of disposing of farm surpluses.
- Canadian Pacific Railway reported net earnings for August of \$3,287,443, an increase of 40 per cent over the corresponding month of last year. For the first 8 months of 1955 net earnings jumped to \$17,898,466 from the \$12,502,536 reported for the first 8 months of 1954.
- The Federal-Provincial Conference opened in Ottawa on Oct. 3 and adjourned on Oct. 6 without coming to any decision on tax-problems or health-insurance plans.
- Canadian unions of the CIO will press actively within the soon-to-be Canadian Labor Congress to affiliate labor's new united control body with the CCF, according to the speech of president Mosher to the CCL's 15th annual meeting on Oct. 10.
- Higher prices for staple foods — meat, eggs, coffee, butter and margarine — pushed the August consumer index up four-tenths of a point to 116.8 after a steady three-month rise, bringing it to the same level as a year earlier.
- Donald Gordon, president of Canadian National Railways, forecasts a "modest surplus" for the railway this year.
- The appointment of Stanley G. Nelson of Ottawa as chairman of the three-man Civil Service Commission was announced on Oct. 4 by Prime Minister St. Laurent.
- The Canadian Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Lester Pearson, arrived in Moscow on Oct. 5 and was welcomed at the airport by the Russian Foreign Minister, Mr. Molotov. After conferring with Russian officials there, Mr. Pearson flew to Stalingrad and later to the Crimea where he conferred with Premier Bulganin and Secretary of the Communist Party Khrushchev. He later flew to Rostov to be picked up by the RCAF's C-5 for the flight to Singapore.
- Air Commodore F. S. Carpenter, Chief of Air Operation, said at Halifax on Oct. 10 that Canada's air-squadrons in Europe are maintained at full combat level. "Our position", he said, "is to make the Russians know we can knock hell out of them." (This statement caused acute embarrassment to Mr. Pearson, when it was brought to his attention by Russian Deputy Premier Kaganovitch at a luncheon the Canadian embassy tendered to Molotov and other Russian leaders.)
- Admission and readmission to Canada's mental institutions last year rose to the highest level since 1932. The increase was due in part to enlarged facilities for the care of the mentally ill.
- It's confidently predicted that 1955 will be the best year in Canada's history in value of construction contracts awarded. The total for the first nine months is \$2,267,023,900. In the previous record year of 1951, the total for the whole year was only \$28,475,300 greater than the total for the first nine months of this year.
- The United States and other charter members of the proposed atoms-for-peace agency have agreed on the countries that should have leading roles in directing its operations. These countries are: the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, France and Canada.
- A sharp divergence in Canadian and American plans for eventual use of the Columbia River basin's hydro-electric power potential emerged as the International Joint Commission opened its semi-annual meeting at Ottawa on Oct. 4.
- The Princess Royal visited Canada during October.
- Canada and the Soviet Union agreed on Oct. 11 to grant each other most favored nation privileges in their trade.
- The 15th annual Canadian Congress of Labor convention has approved the merger with the Trades and Labor craft and industrial unionism.
- The Bank of Canada on Oct. 12 applied another brake on credit, boosting its interest tolls on loans to chartered banks by a quarter of 1 per cent to a record high of 2¼ per cent. On August 5 the rate had been boosted to 2 per cent from 1½.
- The right of Jehovah Witnesses to be considered a Protestant religious sect and to have their children admitted to the Protestant schools of Quebec was affirmed on Oct. 12 in Quebec city by unanimous judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench sitting in appeal. The judgment reversed a Superior Court ruling last year.

The Liberal Party

Paul Fox

► THE SECRET of the Liberal Party's twenty years in office is that it is a middle class party in a middle class country. Canadians are by nature and development incurably middle class, and the federal Liberal Party has become the symbol to them of themselves. People vote Liberal because the Tories will smack of big business and the CCF of labour while the Liberal candidate looks like the universal Canadian, a very ordinary average business man or any one's daddy.

The Liberal Party has been pragmatic in the extreme. Under Mackenzie King the party moved far enough left to cut most of the ground out from under the CCF. Yet it could still garner votes on the right and leave the impression that it was very different from those reactionary Tories. This mixed programme has given the appearance of being a middle way. A little "left" in social welfare and a lot of good safe "right" in fiscal and monetary policy. But above all a large measure of whatever common sense, public opinion, and experience indicate is wise at the moment.

This empirical approach seems eminently sensible to most Canadians because it is the way they run their own lives. Moderation, caution, being careful, taking it easy, *surtout point de zèle* are precepts in the bourgeois catalogue of virtues as well as rules of thumb for Liberal politicians. It is not a coincidence that John Locke who esteemed Prudence the first political virtue has been the enduring philosophic influence in the liberal democratic state. The political settle-

ment he justified has lasted more than three hundred years because its virtues are those of the middle class on which it was established. Canada is different from Britain only in that the middle class in this country is nearly all-embracing. If one doubts this, let him ask the first Canadian voter he meets to which class he thinks he belongs. And then let him ask whether the voter believes in socialism, capitalism, or a little bit of both, "the middle way."

By good luck, brilliant intuition, or crystal gazing the Liberal Party has hit upon the way to the voters' X. Avoid isms like the plague and do what comes naturally. This is enough to satisfy most Canadians who would do the same thing themselves if in power and who ask only not to be bothered by politics. We are an unphilosophical people who are apolitical into the bargain as long as things are going reasonably well. Political theories do not interest us — we do not seem to feel the need for them. We have never produced a political philosopher in this country, a Jefferson, Paine, Burke, or Locke, and wouldn't know what to do with him if we did. We even consider politics a bit distasteful, a rather off-colour subject which nice people don't talk about for fear of hurting feelings or being thought to believe in something. These are middle class traits, part of the pattern of working hard, minding one's own business, being practical, and not having silly ideas.

On these strains in our national character Mackenzie King played with adroitness, wrapping external affairs, for instance, in such a holy cloak of mystery that Canadians have been about as interested in the world outside as Fiji Islanders. With a few exceptions — notably Mr. Pearson's earnest efforts to overcome his predecessor's short-sightedness — it can be said in all fairness, I think, that the present Liberal government still prefers to keep people in the dark

because it is less easy to see what is going on. Information has to be pried out of Mr. Howe at times with a crowbar, and both Harris and Pickersgill have pursued a policy of "mum's the word" in the Immigration Department. Now decent reticence may be a worthy attribute of the middle class but when practised as a governmental habit it stultifies the democratic process. Canadian politics are abominably dull because no one ever says anything provocative or does anything startling. How few of our politicians even bother to write their memoirs! The Liberal government aims at operating noiselessly, like a respectable mammoth business corporation which fears nothing more than making people aware that it is there. The shadows flit silently along the wall, as in Plato's cave, and the citizen is never sufficiently disturbed to turn his head.

This soporific attitude is not unrelated to the Liberal Party's pragmatic approach to politics. One is more apt to let sleeping dogs lie if he believes in getting through each day as best he can than if he believes passionately in great principles which are worth fighting for.

Pragmatism also brings its own rewards. It obviates all the pains and problems inherent in philosophising. The Party does not have to think out a complex ideology, and lacking that it does not have to worry about doctrinal splits or purity of belief. If there is no dogma, there is less to disagree with. The party can mean many different things to many different people — and no doubt the Liberal Party's motto "Unity, Security, Freedom" does.

This generous catholicity enables the Liberals to attract a wide range of candidates at election time. Men can be picked for their vote-getting possibilities — because they are popular or well known in their local communities or because of their ability. There is no established test of what a Liberal is, and



"FRIEND OF THE BRIDE OR THE GROOM?"

no rigid stereotype. The Party tag is not hard to wear and there is no official orthodoxy to swallow since Liberalism is more a state of mind than a creed.

The advantages of such a happy vagueness are obvious in the results. Two present cabinet ministers have been recruited from the highest echelon of the civil service, two others were appointed to the cabinet within five years of their first securing elective office, and a number of members of Parliament have been hand-picked for their attractiveness as candidates rather than for their long records as devoted Liberals. Athletes make particularly good candidates for this reason. In another case the retiring Liberal M.P. suggested to a friend that he ought to take his place and when the surprised friend protested that he had never been active in politics, he was assured that it didn't matter since he was so well-known in the area. The individual ran, was elected, and has continued to hold the seat. Mr. St. Laurent was appointed Minister of Justice before he ran for office at all. Six years later he became leader of the party and prime minister.

Of course no assessment of the success of the Liberal Party would be adequate without acknowledging that the party has been singularly fortunate in its choice of leaders, Laurier, King, and St. Laurent. The importance of leadership cannot be underestimated, and if the party can produce another chieftain of this caliber, its stay in power likely will be prolonged. But what if it chooses badly? Obviously the next leader must be by the principle of alternation a Protestant English-speaking Canadian. Suppose he is not as acceptable to Quebec as Mr. St. Laurent has been to Ontario?

The Liberals cannot afford to lose an appreciable number of seats in either Quebec or Ontario since those provinces are the source of its strength. The two provinces together possess 160 of the 265 seats in the House of Commons. Now no party has ever won an election by securing a majority in Ontario and Quebec alone, but the Liberals have depended on Quebec in particular for their victories. Quebec has been predominantly Liberal in federal elections since 1891, and in the last twenty years it has never returned fewer than 55 or 65 Liberals out of its total of 65 or 75 constituencies. This is a comfortable nest egg for the Liberals, but it is largely attributable to things other than themselves — to Quebec's bitter antipathy to conscription, which has been the bane of the Conservatives, and to the province's morbid fear of socialism, which has been the bar to the CCF. Failing a party like Mr. Duplessis' to support in national elections, the Quebecois' only choice has been to vote Liberal. But this does not mean that he is a dyed-in-the-wool Liberal who would continue to vote that way if he distrusted the party as much as the Conservatives or the CCF. Unacceptable leadership by an English Canadian might destroy the Liberals' hold on Quebec as effectively as the entry into federal politics of a provincialist party like the Union Nationale or the appearance of a French Canadian trade union party.

Ontario is only slightly less crucial to the Liberals than Quebec. In the years of their worst defeats, 1878, 1911, 1917, 1925, 1930, Ontario has let them down badly. Clearly, any party wishing to govern the country must carry a substantial portion of the province's large block of 85 seats. But Ontario is the mainstay of the Conservatives; it has never failed to send less than 25 Conservative M.P.'s to Ottawa even in the blackest elections for the Tories in the last two decades. And there is always the possibility that the CCF will make way in urban ridings.

The Liberals have always required support outside of Ontario and Quebec for their victories. During the last

twenty years the Maritimes have been much more faithful to the Liberals than they had been previously. The three older provinces have elected at least 18 Liberals to their 25 seats in each election while Newfoundland is, of course, a Liberal preserve. There seems little likelihood of major change.

The West has been the least secure of Liberal bastions, having become prey to strange doctrines and un-Liberal like enthusiasms. In Saskatchewan the Gardiner machine has grown rusty in spite of Liberal oiling by Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Administration appointments. Premier Douglas has proved himself a more adept politician than ex-Premier Gardiner and he has the added advantage of being twenty years younger. In Manitoba both the CCF and the Conservatives have been gaining ground federally lately. Alberta and British Columbia are perhaps least hopeful for the Liberals. Oil and Social Credit have swept away their chances in Alberta while the long period of provincial coalition government in B.C. discredited both Liberals and Conservatives so much that the CCF and Social Credit have profited enormously.

It would require a rash person to conclude from this brief survey that the Liberal government is apt to be turned out of Ottawa tomorrow. "People are not so easily got out of their old forms," said John Locke discounting the possibility of revolutions. Or in view of what has been said at first about the identification of liberalism with the middle class it might be more *à propos* to paraphrase Sir William Harcourt's famous remark in 1881 and say "We are all Liberals now."

To what extent this is due to the favorable degrees of prosperity we have had since 1935 I am unable to say. The common opinion is that governments are not put out of power when times are good, and a hasty survey of recent Canadian political history would seem to confirm it. From 1925 to 1940, a period of more or less depression, there were three changes in the Dominion government and 15 turnovers provincially. In the more prosperous succeeding fifteen years there has been no change federally and only six provincial upsets. But such meagre statistics hardly prove the rule, as the Democrats in the United States learned sadly in 1952.

One point is clear. The Liberal Party is not as firmly fixed in power as many imagine. Its smashing victories of the last two decades — 170-odd seats out of 265 — are not really landslides when the popular vote is analysed. In only one election out of five in these twenty years have the Liberals polled more than 50 per cent of the national vote. Plurality wins have exaggerated wildly their narrow victories, as occurs for most successful parties under our system. But it would not require a total shift of more than 15 or 20,000 votes in 37 closely contested constituencies, on the basis of the 1953 election returns, to put them out of power. A few hundred voters in relatively few ridings is a surprisingly small band indeed to threaten the great Liberal legions.



CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please give old address as well when sending your change of address to the Circulation Dept. If your subscription has expired please renew now. Subscription rate: One year \$5.00.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

36 YONGE STREET

TORONTO 1, CANADA



MOLOTOV AND THE BIG SMILE

(Continued from front page)

envisaged a complete liquidation of all military groupings in a "European collective security system," after an initial period of mutual obligation to refrain from armed force and of consultation whenever a dangerous situation arose in Europe. The Western Powers would not agree to the Soviet proposal of discussing Far Eastern issues, while the Soviet Union on its side would not agree to any discussion of its East European "satellites." The only result of the July meeting was an increase of contacts between the Western Powers and the USSR through the exchange of agricultural and parliamentary delegations and the extension of tourist facilities in the Soviet Union.

On Thursday, October 27, the Foreign Ministers' Conference will open in Geneva and it is generally assumed that this will be the testing time of the spirit of conciliation manifested by the Soviets. However, it seems that the events which have taken place between the two Geneva conferences have already tested the realities of Soviet policy and have largely predetermined the outcome of the forthcoming meeting. As far as Germany is concerned, the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the Bonn government and the recognition of the "sovereignty" of the East German republic which immediately followed, have made the USSR the only big power which can supervise eventual secret negotiations between the two republics. In his report of August 4 on the Geneva conference to the Supreme Soviet, Bulganin once more reaffirmed that the reunification of Germany could take place only through the gradual rapprochement of the East and West German republics. The East German Republic, he said, could not renounce the achievements of the post-war period. The recent granting of jurisdiction to the East German republic over border incidents with West Germany, underlines the pressure which the Soviet government is exerting on Bonn to follow its chosen course of reunification. The Soviet Union has thus used the period of "relaxed tension" to build firm foundations for its own lengthy solution to the German question, while using the lure of reunification to strengthen the Social Democratic and other opposition to Dr. Adenauer's policy of close partnership with the NATO countries.

Of no less importance have been the steps which Soviet policy has taken in the Middle East. On October 12 an agreement was signed whereby Egyptian cotton was to be exchanged for Czech arms, the first consignment of which arrived on October 20. An Egyptian-Syrian agreement for which Egypt has long striven, immediately followed, while the Soviets proposed the sale of arms to Syria and scientific and technical assistance to Egypt. Now, of course, it may well be said that the Soviet Union is quite entitled to seek some influence in the Middle East, especially in view of the "Western" pacts between Turkey, Iraq and Pakistan. Unfortunately, the Israel-Arab question is a powderkeg which may well blow up not only the Middle East but also the rest of the world, since it involves a most important communications link and the world's richest oil deposits. The only thing which has kept an uneasy peace between Israel and the poor and badly organized Arab states, has been the latter's lack of adequate armaments—a factor which decided the survival of Israel a few years ago. Now the Soviet Union is willing to supplement this missing spark to the powderkeg. Further East, it is cashing in with arms proposals to Afghanistan in the latter's border disputes with Pakistan. In Asia, an agreement was concluded with Burma in July whereby Burma gets machinery and technical advice in return for its rice surplus.

On the problems of disarmament the Soviet Union has provided nothing new except polite consideration for Western

proposals while politely insisting, as it has done since 1945, on a ban of atomic and nuclear weapons before agreement on methods of inspection as desired by the Western Powers. The Soviet promise to evacuate the Porkkala base in Finland is being used as another lever in demanding that the U.S. dismantle its military bases abroad; the USSR has also agreed to cut down its forces by 640,000 men as of Dec. 15, 1955. However, if the Soviet propositions are accepted, the U.S. would have to leave the continent of Europe, while the Soviet Union could still use bases in the satellite countries whose armies alone balance that of the USA, while the forces of the USSR are estimated at c. 4,000,000. The Soviet Union is also building submarines at the rate of three every two weeks and has now the largest submarine fleet in the world. It is of interest to Canadians that the Soviet government approached the visiting Minister Mr. Pearson in hopes of using Canada as an element of discord among the Western Powers.

Whether or not Mr. Molotov resigns his post as Foreign Minister, the basic trends in Soviet foreign policy show no evidence of change. It may be, however, that the Soviet leaders have realized that nothing more is to be gained by toughness and that much may be won by playing on Western hopes for some stable international agreements. In that case, the time factor, if they win it, will be on their side. The important fact to note is that the Soviet union needs time for external and internal reasons and that its new line is partially an admission of this need—e.g.: requests for trade exchange. Molotov, the old "Hammer" may no longer be the right tool for this policy.

ANNA M. CIENCIALA.

Winnipeg Sketches

THE OLD QUARTER

► IT WAS NOT that afternoon that I crossed the bridge into the oldest part of the city. It took a fresh attempt and a different route before I came to it. The river in its large serpent windings almost encloses separate capes or peninsulas of land and on one of these points to my final understanding there stood a piece of the city that must have been where the city first was. The streets here gave one the feeling of having been arranged for human beings and whenever one looked down a street there was something there, usually the wall of a house. All these streets were of course lined with very old fashioned houses that in conjunction with the street plan gave one a comforting enclosed sense. I walked everyone of the streets quite religiously determined to get this old part of town into my mind as I had, after many efforts, got the river pattern into my mind. These streets of houses had a ripe air about them as if they had fathered the rest of the city long ago and then collapsed. This original village had the air of being that old, old mushroom in the mushroom grower's cellar, left to stew in its own evil, never picked, without which none of the other healthy mushrooms can possibly exist.

There were houses like fantastic wooden boxes heavily encrusted with ornament, and brick houses, their gable peaks also encrusted with ornament. The verandahs and gables were decorated with wooden balls attached to each other by slender sticks; leaves and flowers in slim designs cut through the wood; headlettuce cross section effects, bursting buds curved back into the wood, rows of tubby spindles all slicked over and distorted with a sea of paint. The eye is caught into the old gables with their nests of fretwork, caught into them as if by an octopus reaching out from its secret cave. Each street is a gallery of these effects as gable after gable discloses its inmost fringe-worked spindle.

In the midst of a swarm of little houses there stands a gigantic tall old house that used to stand alone in some grounds, grounds which have since been thickly built over,

The great brick house doesn't look too happy about this; it's leaning over at quite an angle, like a sinking ship and its presence establishes a tone of defeat and decay. One wonders where the original inhabitants have gone; their houses seem like empty seashells occupied by hermit crabs who have no idea what their particular shell looks like.

One never saw many people about the streets. One afternoon along one of the big bisecting avenues that has hardly any houses on it at all and seems to be lined with the various left-over walls of factories — I was walking along this street, as I often had to since investigation of all the fragmentary side streets involved endless backtracking to this main artery; watching — it was very cold — the dust on the street circling about in tiny hopeless patterns stirred up by the frozen wind as it scraped over the pavement. Looking up, there was a pair of twins dressed in black overcoats approaching me. They were tall and slightly dirty-faced as if the overcoats had rubbed off on their faces. Their hair was black and dripping with brilliantine. They were talking and one of them said to the other quite casually.

"But I'll get her this afternoon" . . . Then their voices began to really fade away behind me down the avenue. The sinking tilted house came into my mind, the dust kept on performing its flea-like routine over the cement, there was a street that led straight to a little door that admitted you into the station and so underneath the bisecting barrier of the railway tracks. On the other side of the station was the modern city. Quite different you might have called what I was just in — the old quarter — and I really did not feel that I had to go back again so often now. Because it had finally spoken to me.

AT THE BOARDING HOUSE

The room where one went back to think of this was part of the city too. This room was on the third floor of a house that was not very old but looked old and it was on a street where the wealthy had once lived. Although it was a rooming house, since the wife of the builder still lived there, a great many of the original furnishings seemed to be still in the house. This was the room where she lived and when she went away in the winter time it was left empty, a place to marvel at through the open door and quietly try to understand. When the house was a family house this room had been the nursery. Now it stood crammed with all the adult furniture from the other rooms. The couches specialized in false bottoms, the windows had the tops of trees in them; there was an English water colour of some tufty sheep going through a pink, brown and green village set in a solid-looking gold frame; there were book cases filled with *Girls' Own Annuals*, a huge edition of Josephus, the 1911 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, various silly little tables that had secret drawers, one of those diving suit chandeliers lowered down from the ceiling, and a huge mirror that reflected this. On the floor was spread an oriental carpet of pale exhausted colours as if the weavers of it had been too depressed to carry on the usual merry fox and goose chase. In this carpet they had been contented with a few tiny patterns that looked like ravelled up bits of red grocery string and some very simple gumbo-coloured large diamonds all on an orange background where threads in particular were wearing thin. I don't think I have ever been in such a peaceful room in all the city—; yet there was something politely sinister about it. It doesn't matter. But all the nice things, the books and the carpet and so on could sometimes be seen as going back to the river. The river, the climate through which it ran like marrow, subtly influenced the sick people who came to the doctor who had built this house. The sick people came with their money to the doctor who spent the money on these things just now themselves ravelled away with age. The river brought all

possessions to the city, not just in this rather morbid sense, but in the sense that it lay at the bottom of all the agricultural profit behind the city. If you didn't turn around in this room you might catch the whole thing, tables, books, couches and carpets sliding away into the river that in one way or another brought them. This was the room where you came back to think about the river, and where the river was as it was in every room of the city.

In this room, you looked out of the windows and the leaves were green, you turned about and there was snow in the windows, you turned about again and it was a rather dark fall afternoon when you and your friends were going out to find where the wharf was. One of the persons on the walk did not know anything about the city at all and there were many things to explain.

JAMES REANEY

Maurice

Ivan DeFaveri

► "FOUR." I ACCOMPANIED the word with four outstretched fingers. The waiter nodded, turned, and was gone.

I think there was a trace of a smile on Maurice's lips as I ordered another two beers for each of us. But maybe it wasn't, I don't know. It wasn't like him to smile. His face was rigid and unmoving, except when he slowly blinked his eyes. Maybe what I thought was a smile was an expression of pain.

There was silence between us after I ordered the beer. It was just as well; I found it hard to hear Maurice when he talked. His voice was weak and a continual throb of noise surrounded us. All the faces in the thick crowd looked peaceful in the deadish yellow light and murmuring noise. I wondered how long you'd have to be in there before you'd forget about the stale smell.

"Can I have a cigarette now?" Maurice asked me.

"Sure." I gave him one and lit it for him. The spit bubbling on his lips soaked its end. I noticed his fingers were not shaking any more. When we first came in I offered him a cigarette but he said "No, I couldn't hold it." But the first two beers he drank steadied him and he could control his hands accurately now.

His lips quivered as he sucked the smoke deep. He held the smoke for a long time and then exhaled gently and it drifted over his stoic face. The ashes fell mostly on the front of his dirty brown overcoat but if he saw them he didn't seem to care. His eyes were half closed and he looked as if he were going to sleep.

One from the crowd weaved his way toward our table. It took all the skill he had to sidetrack the tables and chairs and yet not bump into anyone. When he was standing beside us, he gave an extremely friendly and drunken smile.

"Maurice, my old buddy, buy me a beer, will ya?" His neck disappeared into his giant overcoat as he slumped into a seat. He started bouncing his fingers on the table in rhythm to nothing earthly.

"Go 'way," Maurice growled. "I got no money. I'll see you some other time. Go 'way."

"I'm your friend! For Chriss sake, Maurice, I need a beer. Why don't you buy me a beer?"

Maurice turned and looked at him. "Now listen, Al," his throat rasped as he exhaled a breath, which was like a sigh, "I'd buy you a beer if I could. But I can't."

"Why don't you buy me a beer? Lots of times I've . . . CUT THAT OUT. YOU DIRTY RAT. YOU DIRTY RAT."

They stared savagely at each other. Al was gripping the hand he pulled out of his own overcoat. It was Maurice's.

"Why did ya try to do that for? You know I got nothin'."

"Awww," Maurice groaned as he tried to brush the whole issue aside with a sweep of his free hand.

Al flung Maurice's hand against the table, slowly got up and stumbled away. Maurice turned to me as he held the hurt hand under his armpit, "Did you see the money he had in his pocket?"

"No, I didn't."

"Bills! The rat — acting as if he were broke. He actually had bills."

"I thought he was your friend?"

"Sure he's my friend."

"Do you always try to pick-pocket your friends?"

There was a pause before he answered: "You do in this part of town."

I shifted a few coins from my jacket to my pants' pocket. He wasn't going to rob me. So Maurice was a pick-pocket! I wondered why I didn't tell him to go to hell when I first saw him. I met him just a few minutes before we came into the pub. He walked up to me with a very honest expression on his face, holding a nickel in the palm of his outstretched hand.

"Buddy, this nickel is all I've got. Help me out, will ya? A few pennies won't mean anything to you." He said it in a low voice, with his head close to mine. A scum of dried chewing tobacco was sticking to his lips. "I don't like asking you; but what can I do? I'm an old man and I'm sick and I can't get any money. Help me, will ya?"

He was a tall man; I had to look up to meet his eyes. His limp hat covered most of his forehead and his hair around the sides of his head was long and uncombed. He looked completely devoid of life — as if he were a statue.

"You look okay to me. What's the matter with you?"

"Just look at me." He pointed to his face. Age had forced its wrinkles around his mouth and eyes. His skin was a swarthy color and was drawn tight around his protruding cheekbones. There was sickness stamped into his eyes. They were inert and expressionless with the white part really greyish-white. They had been drained of life long ago.

"If you had any money, would you buy booze with it?"

"Just a couple of beers, that's all I want. After that I'll feel a little better."

"Why don't you get a job?"

"Where could I get a job?"

"Have you tried?"

"Would you hire me for a job," he asked.

"I don't know, but you can't get a job if you don't look for one."

"Look, buddy, I'm a sick man. They don't hire sick people. They let 'em walk the streets. In fact they push 'em out on the street. As soon as I go inside a building, they push me out."

"Come on," I said, "I'll buy you a beer." I don't know why I decided to buy him any beer; for there are a lot of bums around and one more doesn't make any difference.

After the waiter brought the four more beers that I ordered, I got him started talking about his life. But after a while he lost interest in telling me and was just sitting there drawing X's on the wet table. I didn't want him to get bored, so I asked him: "How long have you been a bum?"

He actually shook his fist at me. "I ain't a bum. I'm sick but I ain't a bum. Don't ever call me a bum. None of you guys believe me. I'm sick but I ain't a bum. Only the magistrate understood me."

"Magistrate?"

"Yea."

"Were you in jail?"

"I was in jail for two days." I leaned forward to hear him better. "Till this morning. Then the magistrate let me go 'cause they had nothing on me."

"Well, why did they pick you up?"

"I fought a couple of bulls."

"You fought two policemen?"

"Sure, I fought two of 'em in a back alley. I beat up one cop but when the other one came . . . well, hell, I can't handle two of 'em." He lifted his bowed head and his eyes stood wide as he said: "When they got me on the ground, one of 'em held me and the other kicked me in the ribs. For no reason at all."

"I don't believe it."

"Damn if I care if you believe it. But look at this."

He unbuttoned his overcoat. There was dry, caked blood smeared on his shirt and the lining of his coat. It was dark, almost black and covered his entire left side from under the armpit.

"Is that blood?"

"What do you think?"

He went back to drawing X's. There was a dozen little X's on his side of the table now. His neck was limp and his head was lolling from side to side as his eyes were in a stupored focus on the ash tray. It looked as if he were getting groggy from those four beers.

"Come on," I said, "Let's get some air."

"Okay."

But when he tried to get up, he staggered and almost fell. I caught him just in time. I held onto his arm till we were outside and then he leaned against the wall.

"Where are you going to go now?" I asked him. "Do you want me to drive you home?"

"Where?"

"I'll drive you home."

"No you won't."

"Why not?"

"I got no home."

"Where do you sleep?"

"Don't worry; I get by."

"Well you must sleep somewhere. Where do you sleep?"

His face creased itself into lines of hate. "I sleep on railroad tracks, in the tram depot, on somebody's porch — any place I can find."

I was startled. "Haven't you got a room somewhere?"

"I told you already — I got no money."

"Where are you going to go now? Do you want me to drive you somewhere?"

"Where?"

"Wherever you want."

"This is the only place I've got to go."

"Where?" I asked.

"Right here. Skid Road. But don't worry; I've got by up till now."

He turned and started walking away. I decided to give him some money. "Maurice," I called. He turned around and looked at me as I reached into my pants' pocket. But it was empty; there was nothing there! I remembered my wallet and felt for it — it was still there. "Oh well," I thought, "I've still got my wallet." Maurice was looking at me with an expressionless gaze.

"Good luck, Maurice," I said.

"Thanks, I'll get by."

I watched him go. He pulled his hat forward and tightened his coat over his throat with his hand. He walked close to the buildings and often reached out to brace himself. He disappeared into the crowd.

ANY BOOK may be ordered from Canadian Forum Book Service at the regular publisher's price, postfree if payment is received with the order, or at publisher's price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D.

Land of the Pharaohs

Winifred Needler

► IN THE AUGUST ISSUE of the *Canadian Forum*, Joan Fox reviewed *Land of the Pharaohs*, an historical fiction film with an ancient Egyptian setting. She recommends it "for film addicts with an eye for historical detail," observing that it is "much more plausible than that of the average epic," and she concludes with the sentence: "Costumes, sets and pharaonic paraphernalia have a more realistic appearance than usual and seem to have been less adulterated by the hands of Hollywood tailors and interior decorators in the name of what is currently in vogue in glamor."

Since my own tastes in fiction films lie in an entirely different direction, it is particularly difficult for me to comment upon historical films in general. But it is precisely the general implications of the opinion I have just quoted that intrigue me, for I have often wondered what determines an historical film's plausibility. Usually such films seem unconvincing to me even though abysmal ignorance of historical detail prevents me from accusing them of actual falsehood. With the present film the case is quite different: obviously *Land of the Pharaohs* is convincing to the intelligent observer, while I find myself for once in a better position than most movie-goers in Toronto to challenge its historical and technical accuracy.

Before sticking my neck out in generalizations about historical films I shall try to point out a few of the reasons why *Land of the Pharaohs* gives a completely false picture of the life and times of the pyramid builders. It is not difficult to prove its errors and anachronisms. The details of daily life during Cheops' reign in the twenty-seventh century before Christ are well known through countless pictures carved on the stone walls of the tombs, through the custom of burying portrait statues, household objects and treasured possessions at funerals, and through the preservative action of an extraordinarily dry climate. Moreover, the written records on the tomb walls and the construction and location of the tombs themselves have yielded historical facts.

The outdoor scenes were filmed in Egypt, and a few background shots show the modern primitive life of the countryside: the Nile with its busy traffic of sailing ships, the squalid but strangely beautiful mud villages, the tree-bordered canals through the lush and crowded cultivation, and the contrasting emptiness of the desert. These fleeting glimpses have the sudden force of a good documentary and they recall the Pyramid Age far more truthfully than the rest of the film, for life on the peasant level has scarcely changed since then. But the unmistakably genuine land of Egypt is obscured by the thousands of natives employed to act the part of quarry-men and soldiers. Their naturally picturesque forms have been dressed up in colorful but outlandish fashion. These costumes resemble nothing Egyptian, either ancient or modern, except for a frequently occurring headdress that seems to have been inspired by the *nemes* headcloth worn exclusively by the pharaohs. Strangest of all, both pyramid builders and warriors are seen riding or driving camels, admittedly the most photogenic beasts of burden but not employed in Egypt until more than two thousand years later than the reign of Cheops. The water-buffalo, an animal that was introduced into Egypt from India in comparatively recent times, is less conspicuously present in the film.

The scenes of quarrying and hauling the blocks of stone for the pyramid, as well as the scenes of pomp and ritual, are certainly impressive through sheer numbers, but the work to which these throngs of extras are put is seldom more convincing than their costumes and the methods and techniques

of the ancient pyramid builders are scarcely touched upon, except for the hauling of the blocks by gangs pulling upon ropes. The scenes at the quarry give no hint of the ordered tiers in which the huge blocks were freed from the bed rock. The river transport is accomplished by means of the Nile sailing ships of the present day, beautiful craft but entirely different in design from those of ancient times. The shots showing the building site during the earliest stages of construction were filmed at the site of the unfinished pyramid of Cheops' immediate successor, a much smaller monument with almost nothing remaining but the substructure, which is quite unlike that of Cheops' pyramid. The Antiquities Department of the Egyptian government shrewdly gave permission to the film company to clear this monument, on condition that the Department's archaeologists should direct the work, thus getting an important structure excavated at no cost to Egypt. Here the spectacle is impressive because the actual site is being photographed, even though it bears little resemblance to the pyramid that it is supposed to represent. We are shown nothing of the manner in which the pyramid rose to completion: the use of temporary earthworks, the fitting of the blocks together, the construction of the internal chambers and passages, and the facing and dressing of the final surfaces. In the general shot at the end of the film showing the finished pyramid after the funeral, the studio model fails to give the illusion of towering height and lacks the two temples, the causeway and the precinct wall, beautiful subsidiary structures that are an integral part of the pyramid's design and explain its function.

There is no historical basis whatever for the device for sealing the burial chamber, a device upon which the whole plot hinges. The great granite plugs actually found in the pyramid of Cheops were probably placed in their final position by the removal of timbers, as is inferred from the presence of slots cut in the passage; and this, like all the other refinements of masonry construction in the Pyramid Age, was a purely Egyptian development and could not have been invented by a Nubian prisoner-of-war. The theme of the captive band saved by its brilliant architect leader was possibly suggested by the story of the Exodus, since it smacks of the religious flavour so frequently present in spectacle films and since it has no closer counterpart in Egyptian history.

Palace architecture of the Old Kingdom can only be inferred from the evidence of the tombs, but it is certain that it did not remotely resemble this palace, which has blue tiled walls inspired by walls in the pyramid of Cheops' illustrious ancestor Djoser, whose funerary tiles were a careful copy, in durable materials, of the elaborate matting with which the walls of the royal palace must have been hung.

The dress of the pharaoh and his court is still less convincing than that of the lower orders. Exotically colored silks and metallic fabrics are the general rule. Silk, which originated in China, was not known in Egypt until the beginning of the Christian era. Colored fabrics were rare and limited in range, and the closest approximation to metallic cloth achieved in ancient Egypt was a network of beads. The form of the costumes in the film, like the materials, is usually pure fancy — I mostly remember boleros, wide metal girdles and broad collars of solid material.

Jewellery and room furnishings show no hint of the exquisite design of the period, as revealed by the famous intact tomb of Cheops' mother. Many of them are poor copies of the flashy and relatively tasteless possessions of Tutankhamun, who lived thirteen hundred years later. Among the food eaten by the film characters are rice and oranges, neither of which were known in Egypt in ancient times.

The sculpture and hieroglyphs are meaningless, and the ritual scenes are completely at variance with what is known

about ancient Egyptian religion. There is no mention of the most significant dogma of all, the divinity of living kings. The custom of burying members of the royal entourage with the king has indeed been proved a fact for the beginning of the historical period but had died out long before the reign of Cheops. Anthropoid (mummiform) coffins and sarcophagi are not known to have been used until more than six hundred years later, and the specimens seen in the film are grossly distorted even for any later period.

Thebes, more than four hundred miles from the pyramid of Cheops, is made the capital of Egypt instead of Memphis, which was the capital throughout the Pyramid Age when Thebes had not yet emerged from obscurity.

Many additional comments of this nature might be made. I shall only conclude with a less easily substantiated complaint, which seems to me particularly serious. Very little is known about Cheops personally except the fact that he built one of the world's greatest monuments, but he could not have remotely resembled the character of the film. He was worshipped as a god, and his pyramid was both his tomb and a temple dedicated to his cult. It was above all a monument to a powerful, complex and highly organized state. Although the cities of his time have perished, the royal cemetery where his pyramid rose among the great tombs of his nobles has yielded plentiful evidence concerning the quality of the civilization. He was chief patron of the arts during a golden age that produced works of exquisite refinement and classical proportions. The descriptive sculptures of this age testify to an intense and mature appreciation of life. Strange as ancient Egyptian attitudes to kings and corpses must seem to the modern world, Cheops could not have been so pre-occupied with his material welfare in the tomb as he is here portrayed. Dignity, power and majesty were certainly among the pharaoh's attributes, rather than pettiness, stupidity and vulgarity.

Since the purpose of the film is to appeal to the average citizen, whose approval shows that an impression of plausibility has undoubtedly been achieved, it is futile to condemn it on the grounds of inaccuracy. Too great attention to technical details often spoils one's enjoyment of historical fiction, and I can only envy those who found the film more impressive. I would willingly believe that in this case I am suffering from an occupational disability, except that films of the historical-spectacle type always seem to me to have a slightly bogus ring. Is it possible that the falsest notes in this film are struck by the unreality of the characters rather than by the unreality of the history? Producers interested primarily in color and spectacle are not likely to be greatly concerned with fundamental human values, which have changed but little during the past five thousand years.

Ballet Review

► THIS SUMMER I was fortunate enough to see the two chief ballet companies of England in their "natural" setting: the Sadler's Wells in Covent Garden and London's Festival Ballet in the Royal Festival Hall. To someone accustomed to seeing these companies only in the heavy and obscuring space of a hockey stadium masquerading in full-dress curtain and full-size stage, but with the cigarette ads and score boxes giving it away, the sight was not only a pleasure but a revelation of character.

One enters the Festival Hall, the night-lighted Thames behind, and great vistas of stairs revealed in front through glass intersections. The auditorium is a magnificent piece of architecture. A profusion of boxes at different heights reaches out toward the stage from the sides. The seats are perfectly graded for seeing, and the ceiling for hearing.

There is a sense of space which does not divide the audience because of the perfect proportions. The curtain opens, and the company, whose foundations are in the same classic proportions, and whose dancing is characterized by the same light, strength and unadorned grace, as the "modern" architecture of their "home," appears.

Two of the ballets they presented, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Napoli* have both been performed in Canada. In each the female lead was outstanding. Toni Lander as the bride in *Napoli* gave an enchanting performance, characterized by delicate movement and clean timing, and the Alice of Belinda Wright, who did not come here on the last company tour, was a mischievous gamin, longing for adventure and wonderfully resilient. The choreography of this ballet shows a delightful ingenuity entirely in keeping with the spirit of the book. Such adaptation of material (especially poetry) so well known that it is almost part of the folklore of a culture might supply the answer to the difficulty in finding productive plot material for ballets.

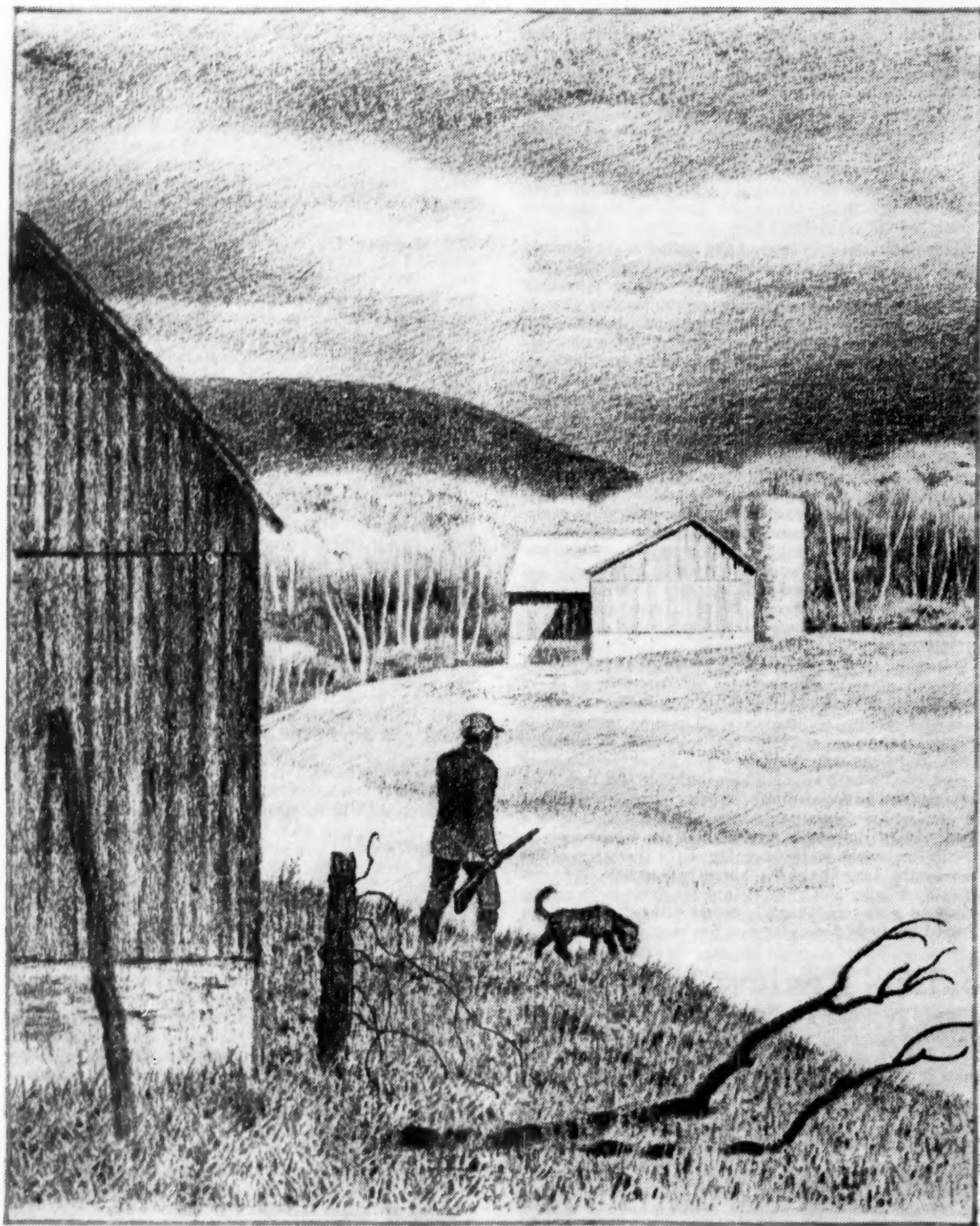
The third ballet was choreographed to Grieg's *Piano Concerto* by Vassili Lambrinos. It is a very ambitious undertaking, but was successful because of the purity of his conception. He did not try to impose anything upon the music, but tried to make an exact parallel to the music in the dance medium by the interplay of four couples on a bare stage.

One enters the Covent Garden Royal Opera House from the narrow and busy street outside into the red-velvet and gilt atmosphere. Here are real "stalls" in the tradition of Royal Opera Houses, and here is a sense of lavish good taste and carpeted ease. The curtain opens, and the company who above all companies in the past years has carried through the whole of past balletic tradition, appears.

I saw them dance a ballet of two years' standing with the company: *Sylvia*, choreographed by Frederick Ashton. This ballet illustrates quite well, I think, their touch with tradition combined with a modern outlook, their progressive conservatism (to use a somewhat maligned phrase). This full-length ballet outdoes all of the ballets, such as *Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan Lake*, upon whose example it has been constructed. From its mythic background it takes a fairly good yarn and enough variety of character and setting to sustain three acts without a forced series of divertissements, or long passages of inexpressive mime, and without having to resort to extraneous material for interest. Sylphs, Dryads, Naiads, Nymphs, Concubines, Muses and Gods, all take their rightful place, and in Ashton's hands, their rightful kind of movement. Yet with all these people the stage is not cluttered. They move easily and almost constantly and when they do pause for a tableau they arrive and are gone without any noticeable strain to get into an artistic position. Even solos happen almost as spontaneous moments of exhibitionistic emotion. This, to my mind, is one of the best things in their repertoire, and one that was unfortunately given second place to such old stand-bys as *Swan Lake* on their previous North American Tours.

I am glad to see that the Sadler's Wells on this tour has decided that it no longer needs to prove its classical excellence, and will demonstrate its vitality with some of the more recent works in its repertoire. *The Firebird*, in particular, should be interesting as it aroused a controversy during their last London season, a controversy which divided even the old-guard critics. Miss Fonteyn dances the Firebird as a sharp and cruel bird of prey, while some consider the bird to be rather gentler and more sympathetic. Her interpretation was the more startling as she had been associated previously with more lyrical roles and sentiments.

It will be sad to return to seeing this distinguished company in Canadian sports arenas (and also sad that in Canada



NOVEMBER AFTERNOON (Drawing)—HAROLD FRANCIS

the price of the best seats is four times that of the same in England), but at least I have investigated their family and can consider myself properly introduced after the English manner.

WENDY MICHENER.

Film Review

► HURRAH for Victorian melodrama! Those who savour a period piece full of eye-rolling and muttered imprecations will be delighted by *Svengali*, a movie version from Britain of Du Maurier's *Trilby*. All the trappings and falderal of nineteenth century romance are transferred directly from page to screen with few concessions to present taste; women are scarlet or spotless, men are gallant and protecting; the good waste away from broken hearts and the wicked relish their own nastiness. Lavender and laudanum, roses, bustles, and the fog-wrapped magic of Bohemian Paris at the turn of the century account for the charm of this film. The pace may seem slow to some but it is in step with the horse and carriage age.

Whether walking the murky Paris streets as a vagabond musician or lording it as a wealthy impresario, Donald Wolfitt is thoroughly believable as Svengali. He never hams it up unnecessarily as Robert Newton might. Hildegard Neff in a white Grecian dress is physically well cast for the role of the artist's model but her German accent and personality are out of keeping with the lift of an Irish colleen.

The last century had certain high blown romantic conventions to depict passion which arose from a definite code of honour and morals. As no such code has yet taken shape in our era, movie moguls lack an acceptable set of theatrical clichés in which to cast a contemporary love story, discounting the neurotic soap operas dominated by females like Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, Jane Wyman and Bette Davis.

Otherwise passion as a theme in modern films seems to be listless and uninspired. Two recent exhibits are *Summertime* and *Love is a Many Splendored Thing*. In the former David Lean returns to the subject of *Brief Encounter* but this time he has left England to study the meeting of America and Europe in the museum city of Venice. Katherine Hepburn as an aging spinster from the midwest is drawn into a poignantly short affair with Rossano Brazzi, a small shopkeeper separated from his wife.

While theirs is a momentarily touching story, it fails to move one the way *Brief Encounter* did. For one thing the humans are pretty uninteresting as compared to the beauties of Venice which are captured with an acutely poetic lover's eye; Lean must have been carried away with an infatuation for the city that has dulled his concern in middle-aged love. What we see of Venice does not tell us anything about Brazzi and he remains a cardboard figure with only a handsome face to recommend him as a lover. Jane Hudson would be transparent too if it were not for Katherine Hepburn's aggressive portrayal of this innocent abroad with her schoolteacher's heart on her sleeve. Adult themes are suggested — the dilemma of the frustrated Puritan, the desirability of love, the clash of conflicting mores — but all are left hanging in the cerulean air.

Love is intellectualized, discussed, argued, and hesitated over so endlessly in the second film that it really should have been entitled *Love is a Many Worded Bore*. East meets West in Asia, Hong Kong is the locale, technicolour the medium, and again our heroine is left with naught but memories. Jennifer Jones conveys some sincerity as a Eurasian doctor in love with an American correspondent. Her problem of maintaining her personal integrity and her Eurasian identity at the same time is the most absorbing element in the film

however. William Holden, the film fan's smiling friend, is not effective as a lover. Granted he has little dialogue, the motivation of his character is never clear and he is content to project personality with a wan smile that is meant to depict disarming charm. He has reached the stage of running to well-fed Hollywood flab and for some unexplained reason the make-up men have allowed him to appear in most scenes heavily caked with flour to tone down his heavy Western beard.

The background is interesting, though not of the same calibre as that of *Summertime*. Most of the Chinese characters are fascinating except for a fellow doctor whose one recurring line is a nasally plaintive "Why don't you go back to China?" The audience may well join in the chorus as the movie grows more and more tedious.

JOAN FOX.

NFB

Road of Iron 45 mins. 16 mm. b&w

Gold 11 mins. 16 & 35 mm. b&w

► ONE OF THE most ambitious documentaries the National Film Board has made this year, *Road of Iron*, records the fascinating development of the Ungava iron ore project. Beginning with the early surveying of the remote Quebec-Labrador region, it then carefully outlines the work to be undertaken. This is explained by a director of the iron ore company at a press conference, and who, by maps and verbal descriptions tells the assembled reporters how railways, bridges, dams and tunnels will be built in virgin territory from Seven Islands up to Knob Lake, where the ore is to be mined. All the men, heavy materials and machinery needed will be taken by ship to Seven Islands, where a dock would be constructed, and then flown by a regular air-lift into the hinterland.

What follows is the actual portrayal of these plans. Directed by Walford Hewitson, it cannot be said that the treatment of the film matches the greatness of the subject or catches the excitement of the project. It has moments of inspired photography by Felix Lazarus, but on the whole it is a somewhat dull procession of scenes showing bulldozers pushing, tractors crawling, dynamite exploding, planes taking off and landing by night and day, all accompanied by a dreadful commentary, poorly read, which is full of forced drama, admiration and empty adjectives, and continually and annoyingly refers to the workers, airmen and planners as "they." "They" fought this and that, "they" pushed on; everything is cracking and groaning, mighty and great. The picture is seldom allowed to speak for itself, and the result is something like a poor-man's Pare Lorentz. Lorentz is actually the man who should have made the film.

There is no doubt that the film achieves its purpose in an adequate way. The facts are presented, but there is no living realism in the telling of this difficult undertaking, no poetry, drama or inspired treatment, and the audience is never made to feel part of the scheme and its fulfillment.

The narrative, both visual and spoken, is understandably reticent to tell us where the millions of dollars came from to make this project possible, where the machinery was made, and whether the planning and directing of it was Canadian, American, or a combination of both. And at the end, when the railway is opened, there are maple leaves and Union Jacks a-plenty, but except for Ontario, all the ore is being carried away to American mills. As *The Globe and Mail* remarked recently, we are still "diggers of holes;" this film, at least, shows how expert we are at digging.

The same thing might be said of *Gold* (directed by Colin Low) (*Canada Carries On* series), but as it seems there is

little to be done with gold except sell it to the Treasury, being the diggers of it has some distinction. This picture describes placer gold mining operations in the dreary Yukon, where east of Dawson City eight giant dredges crawl along cutting into creek beds, searching for gold among the gravel, and leaving behind them twisting channels piled high with bleak waste material. *Gold* is thoughtfully planned and well-made, has an excellent soundtrack, an apt commentary, and has been dramatically photographed by Wolf Koenig, who also edited and wrote the commentary. The flashback device in which the mining of gold is shown between the opening and closing scenes of the weighing of it in finished form, is neatly achieved.

Eldon Rathburn scored both pictures with his customary sensitivity, but in conveying the dismal atmosphere of the Yukon and Ungava, his music appears to have missed the drama of the subjects and merely sounds colorless. His best sequence is in *Road of Iron*, accompanying the train as it twists along the river-side, passes through mountain tunnels and crosses the open country.

GERALD PRATLEY

Correspondence

The Editor:

The "Billy" Graham cartoon in your October number with its malicious and utterly false implications was unworthy of a decent cartoonist. Surely a paper with the high standards of the Forum will apologize to the subject of this cartoon for a publication so utterly below the tradition hitherto maintained by your "Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts."

F. H. Brewin, Cobourg, Ont.

The Editor:

In his review "Turning New Leaves" Mr. Milton Wilson disposes effectively of the recent work of Alfred Purdy and Miriam Waddington; and he says appropriate things about two new books of verse by Irving Layton now that Mr. Northrop Frye has suddenly made it fashionable to praise the work of this excellent and long neglected poet. His remarks about Louis Dudek's recently published long poem *Europe*, however, are less than satisfactory.

He begins by saying he finds the work "both puzzling and impressive." He proceeds then to ask rhetorically if this can be "a potboiler in verse?", and goes on to suggest it might be called "*The Canadian White Collar Worker Visits the Old World*, a sort of versified cousin of Marilyn Bell's Diary" ("The idea would be to write one poem every day during the trip and to include them all unrevised (the worst along with the best) in a single volume"). He ends by stating that "even if *Europe* had been a good deal less successful than it is, it would have been worth doing."

Why?

Is Mr. Wilson so pious about poetry that he would prefer to see what he regards as inferior verse published rather than none at all? That kind of piety, surely, is pure cant. And if he finds *Europe* inferior (he uses the word to describe some of its shorter parts) why isn't he man enough to say so forthrightly, without all the cautious hedging? He's made it clear that he doesn't know what the poem is all about, and his embarrassment is evident. Perhaps he tried too hard. His determination to view the various parts of the poem as separate (and disparate) poems couldn't have made it very easy for him to see the piece as a whole.

I personally don't share Mr. Wilson's difficulty. I found *Europe*, along with Dudek's *Keewaydin Poems*, which appeared in the last number of the *Forum*, a continuation of Dudek's brooding preoccupation with modern man's sick fear of the mechanized way of life that's slowly destroying him and his helplessness to understand how or why it's

Since last month's review of Louis Dudek's *Europe* seems to have stirred up a lively controversy, we are printing a sort of Forum on the book, based on letters received and on our reviewer's reconsideration of his comments.

happening to him. In the *Keewaydin Poems* nature offers scant solace; and in *Europe* the attempt at re-evaluation of the useless relics, traditions and customs of the past in the light of man's present predicament is bound to be sadly futile.

Europe is a powerful poem and an important one. Mr. Wilson's narking remarks about it are irrelevant.

R. A. Currie, Montreal, P.Q.

Milton Wilson writes:

My reactions to *Europe* were mixed and the review followed suit. Mr. Currie quotes almost entirely from my opening paragraph, which records only my initial (and later qualified) reactions to the first quarter of the book, and so he gives the impression that my review was more stringent than it really was. He forgets such things as my praise of the "strength and skill" with which Mr. Dudek communicates his passionate concern with the relation of art and civilization, and of the loveliness and "fullness" of the poems in the final section. Surely these qualities make *Europe* "worth doing," whatever shortcomings it may have. I may be guilty of cant, but it's not as pure as Mr. Currie suggests. In fact, if my "narking" prevents many readers from seeing that I regard *Europe* as a powerful (as well as a flawed) poem, then I have certainly failed in my intention.

On the other hand, I have no reply to the justified criticism that I emphasized the parts and neglected the whole. My remarks on *Europe* as an "education poem" were insufficiently developed for their purpose, and Mr. Currie's comment on the poem's total argument is gladly received.

The Editor:

Your review, or rather Milton Wilson's, of the book *Europe* by the Montreal poet Louis Dudek is so far beside the point about this intriguing work (of which I have been making a study in the past months, with fascination, let me assure you) that I am inclined to invent theories that might explain this misjudgment, even as the reviewer constructed theories to explain the book in question.

Was the review written in order to irritate socialists and other progressive people by a wanton refusal to deal with political ideas? Mr. Dudek's book contains lines such as this:

"... the images that live, continually in the mind,
are not of the arts at all,
but of people..."

"But the people patient, inured to suffering, weather-beaten,
indifferent to the capitalist or the communist future,
to the rise or fall of cities,
arts and civilizations..."

Can one say, then, as Mr. Wilson does, that this book makes the arts a measure of civilization? or is it the other way about? What, in addition, is the relation presented between art, people, wars, ethics, economic forms and "the sea" — if that is to be taken as more than "just a lot of water"? To call the statements made "sweeping absurdities" without looking into their metaphysics or *meta-politics* is no better criticism than it would be to say that the meek shall inherit the earth is a sweeping absurdity or that the Sermon on the Mount reminds one of Billy Graham.

Moreover to say that Mr. Dudek's ideas are those of Ezra Pound is certainly provoking Ezra Pound to exasperation, and he has already had his share of that.

"That the labourer deserves to enjoy the product of his labour is a recent discovery . . ."

"As for democracy, it is not just the triumph of superior numbers . . ."

"The sea retains such images
in her ever-unchanging waves . . ."

Surely Mr. Wilson has deliberately neglected, or missed, something here? Could it be that he has written a hypothetical review of the book or whatever it is by Marilyn Bell — imagining himself to be Peter Bell? No! Else why involve Mr. Dudek's *Europe* in this? Or did Mr. Wilson really believe that this book was simple . . . either in method or matter?
Alexander St.-John Swift, Barrie, Ont.

Milton Wilson writes:

On second thought (and in view of the more recent letter which is printed above) I certainly ought to elaborate on and reconsider seriously what I meant by my too cryptic description of *Europe* as an "education poem."

Europe begins in a state of innocence, leavened with a rather inarticulate dissatisfaction. The speaker leaves home without too much baggage, a simple sightseer (it seems), as yet unaware that what he is ultimately looking for is the home he has left behind. Afloat on the river and then on the sea "bulging with wombs," he gradually becomes more articulate; the universal questions which have to be answered about man's needs—his happiness, civilization and destiny—start to emerge, even if they remain only embryonic and in solution, or are stated casually, as if the speaker were as yet only half aware of their import. He is a part of the Ship of Fools, but it is taking him on a special voyage, of whose significance the whole book records the increasing awareness.

The universal questions which emerge are met by a number of standards, or fundamentals, none of which is ultimately satisfying by itself (although Mr. Currie's word "futile" is something of an exaggeration).

The first standard (which starts to appear right at the beginning) is represented by the sea, which is both man's master and his slave, which he both fears and envies, which he can never hope to equal, both because it is above him and because he is above it. Ever present as both standard and raw material, it nevertheless offers no panacea. At worst it is little more than "a lot of water" or a threat of dissolution; at best it is a reminder of what man must not forget (and is not allowed to forget throughout *Europe*), or the "uncreated chaos" which he must start from and keep returning to. (Mr. Currie's reference to the superb *Keewaydin Poems* is illuminating in this connection, and he could also have mentioned the less impressive series of poems entitled *Provincetown*, published in a recent issue of *CIV/n*.)

After the sea (which merges with related symbols of Nature), there are the standards of Art and Society. Art and the monuments of the past dominate the middle of the book, although the other standards certainly complete with it.

What should we say, we few
Who know what we know,
but for these records?
Where would we get words
for our recriminations?

But what of those outside the self-conscious few? And how do even "we few" get beyond nostalgic recriminations? Art, like Nature, seems increasingly inadequate, although in-

finitely important. As the book moves into its second half and the scene shifts from England and France to Spain and Greece, our common human need for justice moves to the foreground, people crowd out statues and buildings and poems, and the standard of Society dominates. "Good art is the record of a good society."

From the perfect circle of the sea, through "the one good line in a poem," toward the perfect Republic — so, with many undulations, *Europe* moves. And so also it moves home, to America. On the return journey, the difficulties of applying or even recognizing the standard of Society are apparent. Utopia recedes, as its urgency becomes more demanding. And the sea returns. The end of the poem is its beginning, although a new beginning. The individuals on whose "ethics" and hard work the future depends are left to create it.

The sea has washed out
everything I have written, the fiction of temporaneity:
we are back with the real, the uncreated
chaos of ocean . . .
Getting started is never easy.
We have work to do.

Europe is behind us.
America before us.

But how does this impressive conception (which I have, of course, oversimplified) fare in practice? The most difficult and unrewarding section for the poet is likely to be the first (which includes both the tentative point of departure and the emerging standard of the sea). And it is in this section that Mr. Dudek's weaknesses are most obvious, as my review (too facetiously) indicated. There ought to be some way to produce the effect of innocence and anticipated knowledge without being insipid or platitudinous; the *tabula rasa* ought to be really fresh and embryonic.

New men and women!
—The sea is so easily bored!
And treacherous . . . in love . . .
like any woman.

Beware, O nations, of her coiled and serpentine body.

This is No. 11 complete, and there are many passages no more distinguished. There are others where Mr. Dudek almost brings it off, as in the fresh and lovely No. 4 and No. 25, although the former has a silly parenthesis, and the end of the latter is ineptly phrased, so that one almost forgets the fine things that have preceded it, like the beautiful image of the girl

eating lunch at St. Catherine
and looking so sad
You'd think the whole world was dying
and this was his sister.

There are also impressive moments when a simple wisdom arises out of the impact of the sea, as at the end of No. 23, or (with more complexity) in No. 19. But there is no use pretending that Mr. Dudek solves his difficult problems convincingly in these 26 poems, which constitute a quarter of the whole.

In the remainder of the book the execution is much more adequate to the conception. I spoke last month of the liveliness, curiosity and intensity of many of these poems, and of the crispness of their phrasing; as I read them again, they still seem impressive. To be sure, some of the kinks in the argument may need straightening out.

Monuments fool us, delude us into believing
that once there was energy

married to equity, to raise such buildings.
But there was also pride and oppressive power . . .

says the speaker in No. 40. I'm not sure how we move from "art outlives inhumanity" to the statement "Good art is the record of a good society." Mr. Dudek's aesthetic medievalism gets him into a number of difficulties which he either fails to see clearly or disregards. Or are the lines from No. 40 themselves a delusion out of which the speaker is later educated? In fact, how much of the poem is finally washed out by the sea?

I ask this because it is relevant to what seems at first sight the most dissatisfying aspect of *Europe*. Whereas Mr. Dudek is suitably tentative and "brooding" about the cure for the ills of civilization, he is often narrow and myopic about the disease. Where he is exploratory in one direction, he is rigid and narrow in the other. For sheer exclusiveness his process of elimination in the arts surpasses anything since Pound's *How to Read*. And the ills of civilization are too easily reduced to the mechanical and the usurious. The enemy seems to be simply middle class plutocracy, standardization and vulgarity. I am not, of course, denying that these targets are fair game. In the plays of George Bernard Shaw we had a searching and infinitely flexible post-mortem on the still kicking corpse of the bourgeoisie. In Ezra Pound, for all his great virtues, the tools of attack are blunt and the corpse is a shadow of the real thing. Mr. Dudek, unfortunately, is closer to the method of Pound than to that of Shaw, and thus is in danger of falling a victim to the very standardization which he deplures. The comparative narrowness and inflexibility of his recriminations give some of his poems a sweep and conviction which are impressive, but I, for one, am convinced in spite of myself.

Perhaps Mr. Dudek intended to educate his speaker out of this too, although I am not satisfied that this was his intention. However, in a sense the education does occur. The mood is left behind if not rejected, and the best of the later poems, with their rich humanity, seem to me wise as well as beautiful.

M. W.

Louis Dudek's *Europe* (Price \$2.00) can be obtained from Contact Press, 28 Mayfield Avenue, Toronto.

The Kitchen Rattle

Step lively, Davey, trim up your logs—
I've piled mine in eight-foot cords
And I'm ready to quit!
Let's shoulder our axes, throw the hames on our horses
And head for home.
Tonight, don't forget, there's a kitchen rattle
At Uncle Joe Rimmey Gerrior's place.

Up at the moon's wane, snatching a breakfast
And out to the barn—
Milking the cows, pitching hay in the stanchions
And bedding the cattle;
Hitch the blacks to the bob-sled
And off to the wood-lot (six miles by the road) before five.
Twelve hours of chopping and felling—
That's a full day!
Tonight, the chores done, we'll peel off our moccasins
Polish our store boots and ride to the rattle!

Uncle Joe Rimmey's forty-foot kitchen,
Best dance kitchen on the harbour side.
Plenty of room to swing your partner,
Circle round on the oak-plank floor;
Ample clearance for the grand promenade.

A Settle in the corner for Caller-Off Moses—
Elegant place for a kitchen shindy.
Young folk will come from far and near—
Buxom girls in high-backed cutters,
Lads on nags or through fields on foot.
Pile up your logs, Davey,
Stamp the frost out of your feet—
We'll out-dance them all at that kitchen rattle.

Candle-light on smoke-brown beams—
Old folks yarning and Simon Delorey
Grinding out tunes on his concertina.
Girls stepping quick to Moses' fiddle
In Highland Fling or a fast quadrille,
Homespun skirts and long braids swinging.
Let's twirl the girls in reel or polka,
Tapping out jigs, lifting the feet
In Louisiana breakdown to Uncle Joe's Benny
Piping his mouth organ at the kitchen rattle.

Smarten up lad, in sheepskin weskit
And homemade jacket, put on your boughten collar,
Slick down your hair with store pomade—
Preen yourself for tonight's big dance;
Peel off your tar-packs, grease your cobblers' boots,
Get ready to show them the best step-dancing,
Brought by our sea-men from foreign parts,
At tonight's hoedown in Uncle Joe's Kitchen.

Chassé to the right, bow to your partner
Romp and prance and swing your lady!
Smarten yourself for those rival steppers—
You've axe-hefty arms and agile feet
To charm red-cheeked girls, so leap and skip
In the high-paced jigs
And spin the lassies in the Scottish reels.
Dance till the moon fades, dance till the day breaks—
That's the way of a kitchen rattle
At Uncle Joe Rimmey Gerrior's place.
Hurry up, Davey, and trim your spruce!

Fire of hemlock, pine and ash
Blazing gaily in the wide fireplace,
Three-legged pots a-boil on the crane,
Fat geese roasting in the brick-oven.
Aunt Liza grinding in the coffee-mill
Java beans from the far-off Indies.
Foaming jugs of prime spruce beer
Of Uncle Joe's brewing
To quench our thirst.
Gird yourself, Davey, for the evening's fun!

Uncle Joe's kitchen is a jolly place—
A lamp from Boston is set in the centre
Of the red-checked cloth
With fine silverware
From la belle France,
With home-smoked ham and buckwheat bread;
Pumpkin pies and russet apples tea from China
And rich plum cake.

There'll be a rum-keg on tap in the cellar,
Brought from Bermuda in Uncle John's schooner—
(And restrain yourself, boy, for manners' sake)
There'll be Jamaica molasses for taffy-pulling
There'll be lively maids and lads a-sparking,
Everyone singing old time ballads
And swinging the girls
In gay schottische to Moses' fiddling
And Delorey pumping his concertina,
Come on, Davey, quit piling spruce
And hitch your horse!

Mary Weekes.

Give Us the Dew

Give us the dew at sunrise
That we may tread the grass
And know the urge of morning
May not pass, may never pass.

Give us a sun at noonday
That we may spend the hours
Beholding through the morning
Sap of trees and heart of flowers.

Give us a gentle evening
That we may rest again
From unfulfilled endeavour
And transitory pain.

Give us the moon at twilight
That we may say with scorn
"Breathe not, O night, so gentle
In tempting us to mourn."

Give us the fire in darkness
To warm our cooling zest
For finding things unfinished
And blessing the unblest.

Give us the peace of sleeping
When the day has cheated dawn
That into every morning
We may wake as newly born.

For hope is like a promise
In the dangers that have been
That failure seen endangers not
A future yet unseen.

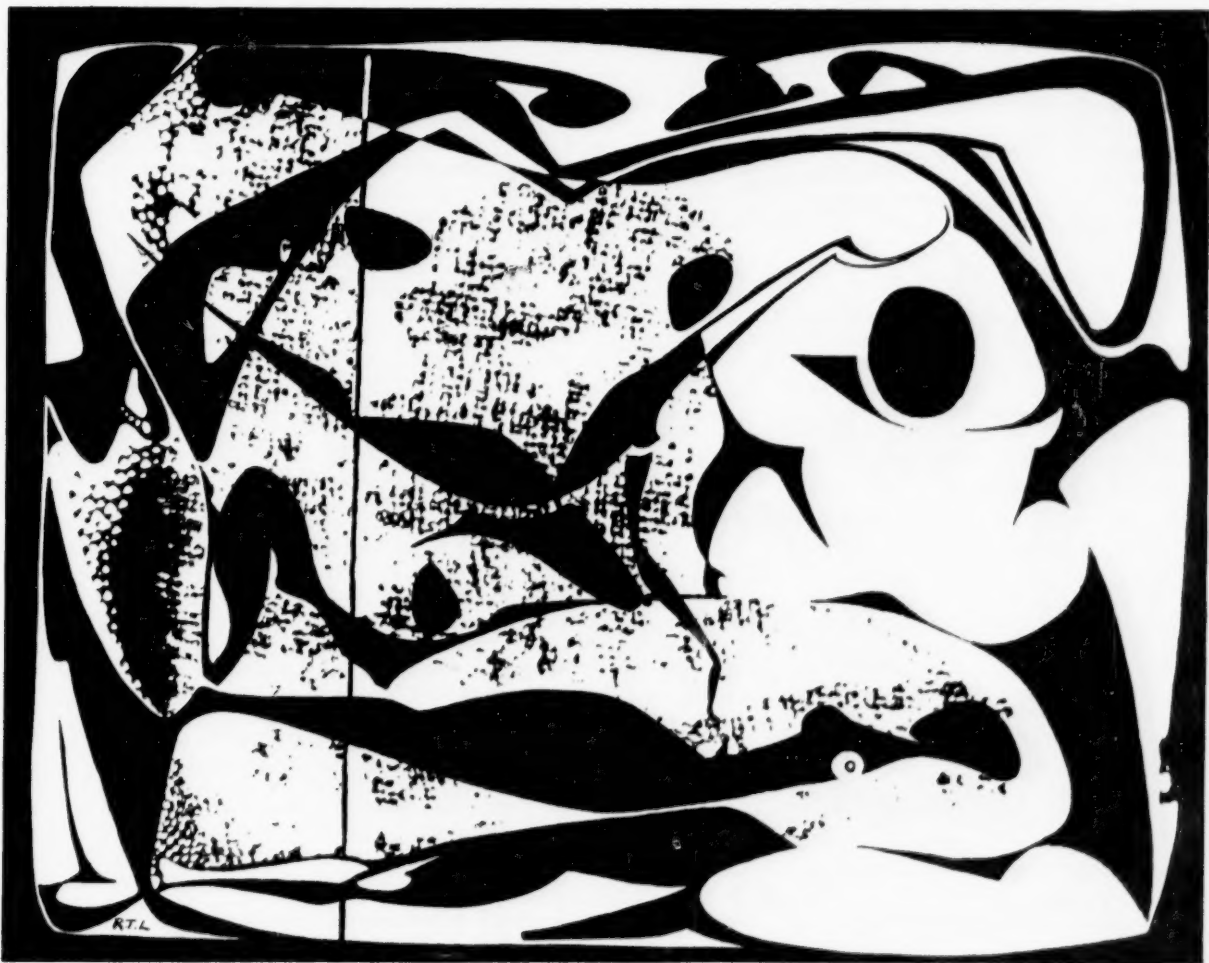
C. M. Chadwick

Introspection: Old Once Wisdom

Lie wise with longing on the straight-back bed
And pray, assertive illness, not to feel
The painful breeze along the stiff-bone arm,
Your inner prophet's breath and last appeal.

Outside, familiar, influences move
Of green grass tears, the luring memory
And falling snow, once fallen, specked with soil,
The grit in ancient childhood piety.

A fever flushing rings within the frame
Your gaze through fire beyond the chiselled bars
At gardens, white and red with blossoming;
At moontime and the sympathetic stars.



DRIFTWOOD PATTERNS—RICHARD T. LAMBERT

Beyond your vision, gripped within your sight
You lie an awkward distance from desires,
Which sometime magic in the outer air
Will strike the neural flint to other fires.

Lie silently, dull soul, a solitude
Splits individual hairs; you cannot see
The golden shock, the smiling child of gold,
Harvests of liberal intensity.

The straight-back bed, the frozen faith which lays
A lonely hand along the relic bone.
The marble time is moulding every limb
In early hours too quiet for a groan.

The lure of morning, fields of dew. The snow
Which drifts in silence past your room,
And changing winds; all these will now ignore
The wisps of breath which decorate your tomb.

C. M. Chadwick

November

Now is the close season: the sun's ray
Oblique at noon; the bright day
Dripping black frost from twig to branch to ground,
Where bloodless red bleeds slowly into brown.

Green reeds curl and creep down stem;
Cocoon and chrysalis precaution them
That death alone is won by thrusting cold,
That crouch and cover must protect the old.

So now, root-burrowed deeply underneath
The withered stalks of all of summer's earning,
Unpuckered by belief or disbelief,
They live upon
The chance
Of spring's returning.

Alberta T. Turner.

Reading Time — 2 Minutes

("There is not a poem that has ever stomped any critic in our midst for more than fifteen minutes.")

Louis Dudek, in *The Canadian Forum*,
July, 1955)

No playful poet as ever romped,
No self-styled laureate, tame and arthritic,
No local obscurantist has stomped
Louis Dudek, poet and critic.

If no rough-shod metrical foot has stomped him,
Why have no difficult verses stomped him?

Shall emulation gall the kibe
of wrought confusion's masterpiece,
in three sips of culture frustrating the Aryan
philistines, (nil nisi *Sordello*)?

Shall Christus, myth-emasculated,
mew in swaddling metaphor
Old Hundredth delphic double-tongued?
Is a rose is a rose is a Rose of Sharon?

Shall poet pall in dunest smoke,
dark-blanketed from lucidity,
his trivia lest he keen the knife
of Louis Dudek, poet and critic?

But, Louis, you're right. We are flatulent.
Waist-line, not Waste Land, our Canadian theme.
Draw over our nidding nakedness
The decent veil of complacency.

Fred Swayze.

Kairos

Bits of filling in the sandwich hour
leap from the bread of prose
and search for savouring tongue
to bring fulfilment through a seasoned Word
to stale and horizontal slices
of our thickened time.

Robert Rogers

Turning New Leaves

► THE HISTORY OF TAXATION (like the history of many other everyday things such as war, dress and music) has many aspects. On the one hand one may ask how the many people who have enjoyed or endured the matters discussed have had varying experience with, or changing attitudes toward, them; and on the other one may ask how social pressures or "experts" or officials have adapted them and expressed themselves through them. Mr. Perry's book* falls in the latter of the two categories. He has not been interested in how Canadians have paid, evaded or budgeted for their taxes, *except* insofar as such reactions have influenced men in public life to make further changes in the tax structure. Was, at the time of confederation, the Maritime provinces' customs administration efficient, or was the increased federal tariff an empty gesture? How did ratepayers in Ontario cope with their civic income taxes — did they regard them with loathing, did they feel evasion was fair sport, or did they show what experts have unfortunately called "excellent taxpaying morality"? Histories of finance, of money and banking, and of corporate enterprise have recently become a good deal more interesting because their authors have told us how the administration described actually worked. With a few exceptions, Mr. Perry has eschewed this side of the subject.

His book is in the tradition of the German cameralists — it is a history of performances in the art of taxation. Period by period he shows us how the needs for revenue have appeared to officials and ministers of the time, and how they have responded with decisions to raise or lower one tax or another. Sometimes, with hindsight, he shows that opinions were wrong, and he makes quite clear that each level of government had an amazingly small choice of action because of the limits on their taxing powers. Given this rather forbidding approach, in which he has thrown away most of the human-interest advantages that his subject possesses, we must congratulate Mr. Perry on doing an excellent job. Not only has he covered the ground thoroughly, but he has made complicated fiscal situations at various periods, and complicated statutes and amendments very clear. And he has written in an interesting style.

Mr. Perry has obviously amassed a tremendous knowledge of his subject during his years with the federal Department of Finance, and later as Director of the Canadian Tax Foundation. His earlier *Taxation in Canada*, which was a cross-section view of every tax levied by any authority in Canada and is already in a second edition, manages to convey an amazing amount of information without assuming the proportions or manner of a statistical and legal handbook. In a sense, the present work takes the earlier book back before confederation and carries each of its chapters forward to the present day. The economic situation in each period is sketched, the problems confronting each level of government

*TAXES, TARIFFS AND SUBSIDIES; A HISTORY OF CANADIAN FISCAL DEVELOPMENT. J. Harvey Perry; University of Toronto Press for the Canadian Tax Foundation; 2 Vols., pp. 763; \$25.00.

are thoroughly presented, and the resulting tax changes are analysed. The only matter for regret is that Mr. Perry stops here — he does not go on to ask what problems confronted the economy after the tax changes were made.

His chief sources of information are official. Mr. Perry has evidently read every budget speech delivered by every provincial or dominion finance minister since 1850 — a tedious and probably unrewarding task for which he deserves our gratitude. He has also made great use of the reports of Royal Commissions, parliamentary committees, legislative debates, the few articles and books on Canadian taxation, and some economic history and public administration literature. One sometimes feels that his allocation of space has been too much guided by the availability of these sources, and that there is an unevenness of treatment. For example, Mr. Perry patiently recounts the numerous income tax changes in all the provinces and at Ottawa in the thirties, and follows this chronicle with a table showing the unequal tax rates borne by citizens of equal income on account of their different residences. But this is all the comment Mr. Perry offers, apart from, in a subsequent chapter, long and pertinent extracts from the Rowell-Sirois report. My point is that, especially in view of the present interest in multiple taxation, it is not enough to be content with contemporary criticisms, merely because they are available and historically significant. It is important also that the scholar who with infinite care has recorded the growth of each of the trees, himself sit back and describe the appearance of the forest (or jungle) that he sees.

Undoubtedly, however, the pioneering work in the field should concentrate on covering all the available sources, leaving it to later writers, or preferably to later editions, to fill in the spaces where the comments should be. And the method does provide the facts about many fascinating episodes. Mr. Perry chronicles the prodigious experimentation in exploiting various forms of the income tax that went on in British Columbia well before 1900 and which now makes it possible for Premier Bennett, as also for his predecessors, to argue at Ottawa that the income tax had by 1939 become an indispensable source of revenue west of the Rockies. Although tax specialists now dwell heavily on the influence of British legal decisions on the federal income tax, Mr. Perry is able to demonstrate that it was actually adapted from the Ontario municipal income tax statute of 1940, which was itself drawn from income tax systems used earlier in the American states. And no longer will undergraduates be free to write long, inaccurate and pointless essays on the history of federal grants to the provinces, for Mr. Perry has devoted a whole part to "subsidies" which succinctly sets out the entire subject and relates the most recent changes to the current (October 1955) negotiations.

In the opening chapters, the reader is glad to have the fruits of Mr. Perry's reading, but hardly feels that he is in the hands of a person completely at home in the earlier periods. But in the period from the 1930's on, Mr. Perry demonstrates a superb grasp of all that was going on, even if he does not always stop to explain its broad outlines to the reader. The chapter on the second world war most effectively contrasts official policy with that in the first war and with increasing depth the story sweeps on through the post war period of the "new philosophy for peacetime" and the Korean emergencies. Here Mr. Perry is scrupulous in recording whatever controversies arose about official fiscal doctrine (and they were few) but he does not participate. This is a pity, because he is probably in a better position to criticize than many of the experts. In the matter of municipal taxation since 1945 the discussion is very full but unsatisfying. Mr. Perry seems content to accept the view that, because

there is the evidence of our own eyes that the size of municipal units is often inappropriate to the sprawl of roads, suburbs and services, it is thereby indicated that the property tax, the chief source of municipal revenue, is now unsatisfactory for financing urban services, much less urban growth. To the contrary, it can be shown that the average per capita burden of property taxes is no greater than it was before the war. As Mr. Perry perceives, the trouble with the present administration of the municipalities is that it fails to get at the newer sources of revenue and relate them to the newer sources of expenditure. One would hope that Mr. Perry would point out vigorously that there is nothing proven against the property tax, but a great deal wrong with the "size and constitution" of the existing municipal units.

This history is followed by an excellent thirty-five page appendix giving the dates of all tax changes since 1650 then by 100 pages of statistical data. (One misses here some recent work on the distribution of income, so that one might assess just who pays what rates, and a few charts, but there is an excellent table which shows what persons with particular incomes would pay each year). This in turn is followed by a bibliography (40 pages), and by an index, the terseness of which rather reduces the value of the whole work as a reference volume.

What impression is given to the reader about the changes in Canadian taxation over the last 75 years? Mr. Perry, as I have mentioned, avoids tracing the sweep and grand effect of the changes so that the reader is left slightly disappointed. In spite of the restrictions placed on them by the constitution, one is impressed by the willingness to experiment, to adopt new doctrines, and to defy the current interpretation of the law which has characterized the municipalities and the provinces. The dominion, on the other hand, did not until recent years indulge in such experiment: the first world war and its aftermath form an illustration of the highly conventional approach adopted in Ottawa. Today, when we hear so much of the hoards of brain trusters and theorists in the federal service, it is surprising to read of the impact of radicals, academics and theorists in the provincial capitals. Lord Keynes' impact is still, probably, less profound than that of Henry George and Robert Murray Haig (an academic, not a radical). But none of these writers has made an identifiable impression on the whole tax structure.

Probably it is appropriate that Mr. Perry's work is limited to the art of taxation. There are few principles of taxation observed in Canada, and even the counter-cyclical objectives described fully in Mr. Perry's later chapters are more often cited than served. It is clear that provincial politicians have merely attempted to minimize the distress when the shoe has pinched, and they have judged the distress by the public outcry, not by violence done to known principles of efficiency, equity or incentive. The dominion, in recent years, has been influenced by the Keynesian revolution but when economic stability or wartime emergencies are not at issue the government is at sea without a compass. It may be that this is a good thing, but it would be refreshing to hear someone explicitly defend the absence of taxing principles. Perhaps Mr. Perry will turn his activities in this direction.

ANTHONY SCOTT.

Books Reviewed

THE LETTERS OF SAMUEL PEPYS AND HIS FAMILY CIRCLE: ed. Helen Truesdell Heath; Oxford; \$6.00.

Mrs. Heath has, in this section of Pepys' letters, attempted to segregate one complete section of the correspondence by transcribing "letters passing between Pepys

and his closest relatives, letters concerning those relatives exchanged between Pepys and persons outside the circle of kin, and other nonepistolary memoranda related to the subject matter involved." Its unifying principle is the extension of the story of Pepys' family relationships beyond the years covered by the *Diary*. Of the 188 letters included here only 26 have been reproduced before, and all materials have been presented directly from the manuscripts of the Rawlinson Collection, the Admiralty volumes, and the Cockerell Papers.

It is questionable that this transcription of one complete section of the correspondence provides the reader with a more intimate view of the urbane gentleman revealed in the *Diary*. Whereas the *Diary* gives the impression of spontaneity, the letters are at best self-conscious; and whereas the pages of the *Diary* are filled with observations and reflections which reveal the character of the *moyen homme sensuel* who was their author, the letters are concerned with family squabbles, endless histories of litigation and the involvement of estates and property, Admiralty business, and financial difficulties. The Pepys of the *Diary* has all but disappeared beneath the weight of responsibilities, public and private. He emerges as the man of fortitude and Stoic courage, the man who faces with equanimity both the problems created by the inefficiency and lack of foresight of the members of his family, and those which threaten his integrity and his career as a public servant. The urbane and elegant gentleman of the Restoration has become a rather tetchy *pater familias*.

Well over half of the documents transcribed in this volume are letters exchanged between Pepys and Balthasar St. Michel, Mrs. Pepys' only brother, certainly the liveliest and most entertaining of Pepys' correspondents. And the majority of these letters are concerned with their joint efforts to provide both witnesses and evidence to clear Pepys of the charges of "piracy, popery, and treachery" laid against him by the notorious Colonel John Scott at the instigation of Shaftesbury, Buckingham, and other anti-Papists unsympathetic to the Duke of York, Pepys' patron. After a brief imprisonment, Pepys was released on bail, and immediately "brother Balty" was dispatched to Paris to gather evidence that would prove Pepys' innocence. The letters of Pepys during this period of stress are superb testimony to his foresightedness, his unflinching business acumen, and his clear and efficient appraisal of evidence. The precariousness of his position is best described in his statement that it is "not enough in this age, and in the company I am fallen into, to have the innocence of a Dove, without some mixture of the Serpent's prudence." "Brother Balty's" letters are a pleasant anodyne to the fairly consistent and sober seriousness of Pepys'. They reveal St. Michel as an obsequious and ambitious man, and as a born exaggerator with a taste for braggadocio and the grandiose which is reflected both in his actions and in his epistolary style. After almost two years of work and worry, the charges against Pepys were dropped and he was set free without a trial, a rather ironic anti-climax to the best-laid plans of "Brother Balty."

It is generally conceded that fidelity in transcribing texts is a mark of fine scholarship, and there is no question of Mrs. Heath's fidelity in this volume. However, it seems almost antiquarian affectation to carry fidelity to the extreme of transcribing misspellings, faulty punctuation, and errors in syntax. Sister Pall's and Father John's respective spellings of "affectionate" ("affectshonate" and "affectshinat") are diverting enough, it is true; but only too frequently their more egregious blunders present the reader with unnecessary difficulties, often to the degree of obscuring the meaning. And this seems neither justifiable nor desirable.

George Falle.

A PROSPECT OF THE SEA: Dylan Thomas; J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 136; \$2.25.

The legend of Dylan Thomas continues to grow. In an atmosphere somewhat reminiscent of the more hectic literary cabals of the eighteenth century, books, articles, gossip allusions, tributes, snarls, squibs, elegies, recollections sacred and profane, flow into print, from *Botteghe Oscure* to some undergraduate journal in the Middle West. The latest that has come to my notice is an excerpt from a book by John Malcolm Brinnin in the *October Atlantic*, a distressing piece of opportunistic journalism, describing Thomas's domestic infelicity with a self-conscious restraint that is intended to be noble and succeeds in being cheap. After all this, another little book from Dent's, by the poet himself, is a relief. Even though all the stories and articles in *A Prospect of the Sea* have been published before, and some of them (such as those from *The Map of Love* and "A Story," which was in *The Listener*) available to many North American readers, it is a pleasure to look into that mind again, to be caught once more by that suffering, cocky imagination.

There are two kinds of pieces in this book: those which came from the underworld of Thomas's mind, and those which belong to the surface, pastoral or civil, on which he lived. I'm not sure that the division between the two classes is very clear-cut. Those powerful fantasies of his youth — call them surrealist if you like, but they're more like an adolescent commentary on the book of Genesis — cannot be dismissed as juvenilia or pre-poetic chaos. They are essential to an understanding of the poems, the later comic yarns, and even such a piece of sophisticated fireworks as "How To Be A Poet," which most readers will enjoy more than anything else in this book. In such writings as the title-piece, and others more occult, Thomas saw the Creator (in whom he said once he did not "believe") as the Divine Punster, who made birds sound like women, the sea like a harp and all things holy. He had the idea that the poet's function is to imitate this divine homophony. It wasn't so much an idea as a passion, which drove him through mountains of painful manuscripts to what we have in the *Collected Poems*. Also it gave even to what he did with his left hand a curious intensity. "How To Be A Poet" is very funny and broadly satirical, but much of its effect comes from the feeling you have, half fear, half anticipation, that in the next paragraph you will find something terrible, some macabre joke the publishers didn't see, a concealed obscenity perhaps, an acrostic name. And in that Welsh frolic to Porthcawl ("A Story") the great drunk sounds like a pagan ritual, a mystery old as Eleusis.

A Prospect of the Sea, then, should be read right through like a book, for it is a book, unlike some posthumous collections of "fugitive pieces." And the real reason for that, underlying such accidentals as good editing, is that there was one word that Dylan Thomas, who knew so many words, didn't know — the word *etcetera*. Millar MacLure.

MEDIEVAL DRAMA IN CHESTER: F. M. Salter; University of Toronto Press; pp. 138; \$4.50.

This small book is made up of four lectures given by Professor Salter in 1954 in the Alexander Lectures series of the University of Toronto. Professor Salter, professor of English at the University of Alberta, conducted his investigations into medieval literature as a fellow of the Huntington Library and the Guggenheim Foundation. His time was well spent: by going to basic records he has come up with much fascinating information about drama in the Middle Ages.

While his research was concentrated on Chester, a city of 410 householders in 1540, the findings throw light on the whole development of drama in pre-Elizabethan England. He outlines the three tributary streams of classical, religious,

and folk drama, and documents them from such records as church-wardens' and gilds' account books, public proclamations, eye-witness descriptions, and the practical implications of text and stage directions. By a species of literary detective work he manages to arrive at a more exact dating of the cycle of mystery plays, a clearer conception of the playing area and the wagon-stage, and much data about stage properties. Of particular interest is his deduction that the Chester mysteries were not amateur performances but carefully prepared dramas employing professional actors, rich costumes, and elaborate stage effects. As he points out, these plays had universal appeal and approval for more than two hundred years, a record of popularity that has been excelled only by Shakespeare. Therefore we are not justified in dismissing them as crude and childish. They are folk drama, with the same authors and same appeal as the ballads.

To Elizabethan drama the Chester plays contributed not only the physical stage itself with its apparatus and effects, but also the mixture of comedy and tragedy which was unknown to classical playwrights, the use of music and song to set the stage or inspire a mood, and the freedom with which time and place were handled. But, he concludes: "Their greatest gift to the glory of the stage under the Virgin Queen is twofold: they fostered a tradition of acting which put the professional actor through his apprenticeship; and they prepared an audience capable of rising to Shakespeare."

Edith Fowke.

THE PREVALENCE OF PEOPLE: Marston Bates; S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company; pp. 283; \$5.25.

Of the writing of books for the layman on population problems there is no end. The last ten years have seen a flood of volumes, all bearing catchy titles. Oddly enough, few of them have been written by demographers — the professional group which studies human populations — although a geologist, an ornithologist, a zoologist, a geneticist, a physicist, a botanist, and several geographers have had their say. If many of these writers have oversimplified and misinterpreted human population problems the demographers really have no legitimate cause for complaint so long as they themselves refrain from popularizing their work.

Happily, this latest effort, although by a biologist, is one of the best of its kind. Unlike most of its predecessors it is not an alarmist neo-Malthusian tract on our growing numbers and diminishing resources, nor is it a neo-Godwinian answer stressing the marvels of science and the iniquities of "reactionary" Malthusianism. It is, rather, a fairly comprehensive and highly readable introduction to the whole field of population study, including chapters on the history and speculative pre-history of man's population growth and means of subsistence, human reproduction and its control, the causes of death, migration, and eugenics. Mr. Bates has covered the literature of demography and the fields most closely related to it very thoroughly and there are no glaring errors or crudities for the specialist to pounce upon.

Some topics are treated rather skimpily, however. The chapter on migration is very thin, especially in its discussion of recent (post-1800) trends. One misses any reference to the forced transfers of peoples carried out by the Soviet government, although the totalitarian population policies of the Nazis are briefly detailed. Nor does the book contain any discussion of population forecasting. Mr. Bates excuses himself for this omission, however, by defining his purpose as the description of past population growth. He recommends *The Challenge of Man's Future* by Harrison Brown, a physicist, for treatment of future growth and the problems it will create. Brown's book is the soundest popular exposition known to the reviewer of the neo-Malthusian viewpoint shared by most contemporary demographers, and it admir-

ably supplements *The Prevalence of People*. I can think of no better broad introduction to the whole field than these two volumes, at least for substantive knowledge if not for statistical methodology.

Mr. Bates draws on his training in biology to locate human populations in the broader context of the ecology of life or the "biosphere." But, unlike many other biologists, he never makes the mistake of reducing human reproduction and mortality to the operation of biological forces. He is free of the exaggerated alarmism of both the eugenicist, worrying about our supposed hereditary deterioration, and the conservationist, disturbed by our disruption of natural ecology. "If there is a basic thesis in this book of mine," he concludes, "it is that numbers of men, the prevalence of people, can best be understood in cultural terms." Dennis H. Wrong.

ADVENTURING WITH BEEBE: William Beebe; Little Brown & Co. (Canada) Ltd.; \$5.00.

This book is a collection of extracts chosen by the author from his earlier accounts of work in the wilds; in Bermuda, above and below the surface of the sea; along the Pacific coast of Central America; in the jungles of British Guiana and Ecuador.

The descriptions are always vivid and often exciting, and they are rich in detail which reflects the author's joy in observing nature. He has said elsewhere that one of his principle aims has been to inspire enthusiasm in those just becoming aware of the interest inherent in nature, and if enthusiasm is communicable these essays should warm the interest of many readers. It may, however, be questioned whether their effectiveness is helped by the frequent anthropomorphic interpretations, even though the author pokes fun at some of them himself. Can a bird commit "bright and beautiful sin"? (p. 146). Can the call of a frog really convey accusation and censure? (p. 223). Does a butterfly admire a flower or an ant know the uses of fertilizers? (p. 230).

Again, strange and unfamiliar phrases interrupt the smooth progress of the narrative: "catopsilian lodestone" (p. 242) is not clear until a page and a half later, when the reader finds that *Catopsilia* is the scientific name of a migrating butterfly; "aerial shields" (p. 259) as a synonym for the wings of a butterfly imposes a pause; "hathi grey" (p. 281) presumes an acquaintance with Kipling's *Second Jungle Book*. Exception must be taken to a statement on p. 214: after describing a young hoatzin's dive of 15 feet into a stream the author says "It is as if a young human being should dive 200 feet!"; the comparison will not bear analysis.

The statement on the jacket that this book is "a summing up of the high points of Dr. Beebe's work" is misleading; there is no summing up: the book is a series of essays bound together by the writer's passion for the out-of-doors, and it is left to the reader to do the summing up. A. F. Coventry.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, MARINER: Samuel Eliot Morison; Little, Brown & Co. Ltd.; pp. 224; \$4.25.

Columbus has been his hobby, the author confesses, for almost fifty years. More than twenty-five years ago I took Professor Morison's lectures at Harvard, and I recall our plaintive protests to the Dean when it appeared by mid-term that we might never leave Columbus; there were still some 200 years of colonial history to cover before the June examinations. This passion for the subject, allied to the expert knowledge of the sailor and the imagination, industry and craftsmanship of a great scholar, eventually led to the publication in 1942 of the two volume *Admiral of the Ocean Sea*, on which this shorter narrative is based. Few scholars can combine drama and authoritative history like Morison; he is the nearest thing to Parkman the North American

continent has yet produced. Although one may regret breeches in New England austerity that permit occasional slangy colloquialisms, the descriptions of the four voyages, and especially the first with its mingled terror and nervous exhilaration, are little prose classics. Indeed, the very energy of the style may partially cloak the immense amount of learning that has gone into this intricate and highly controversial theme.

"On rush the ships, pitching, rolling, throwing spray — white waves at their bows and white wakes reflecting the moon. *Pinta* is perhaps half a mile in the lead. *Santa Maria* on her port quarter, *Niña* on the other side. Now one, now another forges ahead, but they are all making the greatest speed of which they are capable. With the sixth glass of the night watch, the last sands are running out of an era that began with the dawn of history. A few minutes now and destiny will turn up a glass the flow of whose sands we are still watching. Not since the birth of Christ has there been a night so full of meaning for the human race."

The last sentence has an understandable patriotic flavor, as does another sentence further on: "Here were men bursting with the greatest piece of news since the fall of the Roman Empire, a discovery that would confer untold benefits on Europe and Europeans . . ." The Continent of Plato, Leonardo, Michaelangelo, Shakespeare, Newton and Goethe might question these statements, without ignoring the grand accomplishments of its heirs in the New World. Years ago, I can recall a puckish debate in the Cambridge Union on the subject: "This House deplores that Columbus ever discovered America." Yet, the most cynical undergraduate could hardly fail to be gripped by this story of the achievement, or to agree with the author that the discoverer of America was "one of the greatest mariners, if not the greatest, of all time." *Gerald S. Graham.*

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES; ECONOMIST AND POLICY MAKER: Seymour Harris; Scribner's; pp. xiv and 234; \$3.85.

The purpose of this book, published in the Twentieth Century Library series, is to introduce the North American economist. The author, a professor of economics at Harvard, gives a short biography of Keynes, and devotes most of the space to a description and an analysis of Keynes's writing on economic subjects. On the whole, the biographical part is more unsatisfactory than the rest of the book.

In a breathless, chatty and sloppy timestyle ("no degree snob was Keynes; his human qualities are once more suggested by the fact that he stayed away from college in vacation time; Bonar referred to Keynes's large versatility which approached Jevons'; such literary constipation was not for Keynes", etc.) the author sketches the portrait of a super-clever brains-truster at work on New Deals in economic theory, public policy, college administration and the fine arts. He clears Keynes of guilt by association with leftist ideas and expresses admiration for his subject's output of words—2,300,000, we are told, of which "little more than 50 per cent . . . are available in book form". But he gives the reader no clues to the forces that shaped the mind and character of the man who, according to Mr. Anthony Crosland, "strode through life like a gigantic figure of the Renaissance, and . . . makes all present-day economists and politicians seem poor, sorry figures by comparison." For such clues we still must turn to Roy Harrod's *Life of John Maynard Keynes*.

The exposition of Keynes's economic writings follows a traditional pattern: the antecedents, the Keynesian system, and the system's implications for economic policy both domestic and international. The chapter on Keynes and New

Dealism is by far the most interesting; the author writes with conviction born, perhaps, of personal experience and shows how little of the wrath which ex-President Hoover has directed at Keynes for inspiring the New Deal, is really deserved. The level of discussion is that of an elementary college textbook with occasional flights into the mumbo-jumbo of the learned journals, and there is a style to suit. Occasionally, the analysis becomes untidy ("the marginal efficiency of capital depends then upon . . . the rate of discount, i.e. the marginal efficiency of capital"), and some errors have crept into it (e.g., it is necessary to double the price of a security in order to half the yield only in the case of perpetuities). Any layman who wades through this part of the book will acquire a good deal of information about a slice of contemporary economics. The specialist will be delighted to learn that President Wilson nominated Allyn A. Young as the representative of the United States to the economic sessions of the Versailles conference because Young won a competitive examination held to fill the post.

The chief failing of Professor Harris' book is that it gives no convincing explanation of Keynes's great influence, not even in the chapter which bears this title. Characteristically, the author is too preoccupied with Keynes's "policy-making" to say clearly that Keynes constructed a general model of the economic system which enables all economists to talk about the same things instead of at cross-purposes, and which is not so far removed from reality as to make all their talk irrelevant. From this model he deduced policies which, though they reflect his personal preferences in many ways, nevertheless constitute the minimum of agreement on an economic program among political parties in Western democracies: full employment and growth in material wealth. The chief merit of this book is to draw to the attention of North-American readers an existence that has deeply influenced the ordinary business of their lives. *John Este*

CONSERVATIVE JUDAISM; AN AMERICAN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT: Marshall Sklare; The Free Press; pp. 298; \$5.75. (U.S.A.)

Jewish immigration to this continent is a matter of three great waves: The highly cultured Sephardic Jews came first; German Jews migrated about the middle of the nineteenth century, and then those from eastern Europe. The differing conditions from which these came, and also the differences in American life across such an expanse of time, have created the great types of American Judaism.

The German Jews, thrilled by their recent liberation from the ghetto and by the brilliant prospect of participation in the modern world opened up by the Enlightenment, but also stirred by the ferment of German political and creative life, gave rise to Reform Judaism, first in Germany, then here. But eastern Jews were orthodox, and transplanted their way of life to the new land. However, as they advanced from immigration status to middle class conditions, many became estranged by the seeming crudity of Orthodox ways. Thus it was that about 1905 a movement of laymen created Conservative Judaism, which thus is a reaction to American conditions of Jewish life. It is characterized by its abandonment of Yiddish, and, in large measure, Hebrew as languages of worship; it demands dignity in the synagogue; it has brought the rabbi to a position somewhat comparable with that of the Christian minister; it accepts the ritual, but then largely follows personal convenience in observing it.

Such is the thesis of Marshall Sklare's discussion, which is an expansion of his doctoral dissertation at Columbia. While bearing unmistakable marks of this origin, fortunately it is devoid of stuffiness. On the contrary it is an engrossing book, notwithstanding it is a sociological study of religion and uses much lingo of the trade.

But one reads on with growing search for intellectual content: some theological distinctiveness of the movement. Sklare prefers the word, "ideological"; he has a whole chapter dealing with the question. And in the end he doesn't know; still more astonishing, nobody else does! Even prominent rabbis cannot answer, and some feel that the question ought not to be asked. It is a movement that can be described — and Sklare's description gives a fairly clear understanding — but it cannot be defined. Some leaders have sought to give intellectual formulation to this indefiniteness and its resultant ritual chaos with the concept of organic growth and of "Catholic Judaism", which latter on superficial acquaintance might be disparaged as the doctrine of *vox populi vox dei*.

Yet no one can afford to be supercilious. How many Christian denominations are distinguished by little more than polity or a bit of ritual! And as for "Catholic Judaism", is this not close to what Christians mean by the Holy Spirit in the Church? Or at least it would be if Jewish proponents would clarify their position with some discriminating criticism.

William A. Irwin.

YOUR LOCAL GOVERNMENT: Donald C. Rowat; The Macmillan Company of Canada; pp. x, 148; \$2.50.

The well meaning layman who hangs back from civic politics can no longer claim as an excuse that information about the subject is hard to get. There are now, within the last five years, no less than three books on the subject of Canadian local government. Professor Crawford's book, *Canadian Municipal Government* (University of Toronto Press, 1954) is a heavyweight, intended for students and specialists. H. L. Brittain's *Local Government in Canada* (Ryerson Press, 1951) is an odd book, strong where its author's experience was strong and deficient elsewhere. Donald C. Rowat's book is short, light and yet informative. He attempts to interest any Canadian in his municipal institutions, and he writes in simple language. For example, in an eighteen page chapter on "How They Get Their Money" Rowat cuts through the complex subject of municipal revenues, and manages to say much, yet never becomes involved in jargon. It is an excellent book for its purpose. One can hope, with the author, that it may awaken some members of the apathetic municipal electorate. It is an example of the sort of short, readable study on Canadian politics which should appear more often. Perhaps Macmillans will be encouraged by this experiment to publish more of them, and find the wider market which would make possible a lower price.

David Corbett.

79 PARK AVENUE: Harold Robbins; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 275; \$3.95.

This book will be very much at home in a paper-backed edition, where it rightfully belongs. The traditional half-dressed blonde on the cover of such a book will not this time be an empty come-on. This book would more than live up to any lurid cover.

The story contains these improbable elements: a former prostitute turned madame who still has a loyal heart, and a former policeman aspiring to be the bright boy in the D.A.'s office who has loved the girl since teen-hood. From the present situation of the court trial of the madame (the case for the State being, of course, presented by the former lover) the story goes in a series of flash backs to show why and how the girl became what she is.

A popularized, simplified "socio-psychological" study of why some women make sex into a profitable business, the story is sometimes infantile, sometimes semi-pornographic, but it is never worthy of serious consideration.

Joan Morris

Volume II

of a Great Biography
on a Great Canadian



JOHN A. MACDONALD

The Old Chieftain

BY DONALD CREIGHTON

625 pages, 19 illustrations

\$5.75 at all Booksellers

Volume I - The Young Politician also available, \$5.75.

MACMILLAN

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

ANNA M. CIENCIALA obtained her M.A. in history from McGill this fall and her thesis, which was on Polish-Soviet relations during World War II, was awarded a Magna cum Laude . . . WINIFRED NEEDLER is curator of the Near Eastern Department of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology . . . SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET is with the Center for Advanced Research in Behavioral Sciences, Palo Alto, California . . . PAUL FOX is with the department of political science, University of Toronto.

Ariel F. Sallows, Q.C.

H. A. Osborn, LL.B.

SALLOWS, OSBORN & COMPANY

Barristers and Solicitors

5, 6 & 7 The New Craig Block

NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN

M. R. HALDI, B.Com.

Public Accountant

Tax Consultant

Setting Up Books, Auditing & Accounting Service.

5 Huntley Street, Toronto, Canada - WA. 3-5708

JOHN STEELE

MASTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, P.A. OF A.

22 Grenville Street, Toronto

WA. 2-6836

RIDEAU WATERWAY

Robert Legget

The beautiful chain of lakes and streams that forms the Rideau Waterway of Ontario is one of Canada's favourite playgrounds. This book tells of the adventure of building the canal by soldiers and civilian labourers, a magnificent piece of engineering over a route full of problems. Robert Legget is a professional engineer and a boating enthusiast. 320 pages, 24 photographs. \$5.00

ASPECTS OF RACINEAN TRAGEDY

John C. Lapp

A penetrating analysis of Racine's themes, showing how Racine assimilated and recreated the conventions to produce a unique drama. The book traces certain key symbols in the tragedy, and treats Racine's own particular and surprisingly personal interpretation of the meaning of tragedy. 106 pages. \$5.00.

University of Toronto Press
University Grounds

- A rich and powerful novel of Canada in the Depression years

DOWN THE LONG TABLE

By Earle Birney

\$4.50



McClelland & Stewart Limited
The Canadian Publishers

JOHN GUNTHER

INSIDE AFRICA

In this newest, most exciting of the "inside" books, John Gunther reveals the whole of Africa in all its mystery, majesty, wonder, and its political challenge for the future.

at all bookstores - \$6.00

The MUSSON BOOK COMPANY LTD.

Introducing our SECOND Canadian Fall Book



AYORAMA

Not a new kind of 3-D, but an old Eskimo saying:
"It can't be helped: life is like that."

The philosophy of the Eskimo reflects the harsh and dangerous life he still leads in the frozen Barren Lands of the Canadian Arctic. This authentic account of his primitive daily life may shock, will certainly surprise, but cannot fail to fascinate all those who read it.

By Raymond de Cocola and Paul King
Illustrated by James Houston \$4.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS